

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY OF THE

LYRIC KIND.

IN THREE BOOKS.

S A C R E D

I. To Devotion and Piety.

II. To Virtue, Honour and Friendship.

III. To the Memory of the Dead.

By I. WATTS, D.D.

— Si non Uranie, Lyram
Cœlestem cobibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.

HOR. Od. I. imitat.

L E E D S :

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THE
P R E F A C E.

IT has been long a complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily it is perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship

iv The PREFACE.

paid to the God of Israel, when his *right hand became glorious in power: When thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: The chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red sea; thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters*, *Exod. xv.* This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method, they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world as the darkness of that dispensation would admit; and now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to Heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism, the muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

*Pierian muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.*

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

The PREFACE. v

But some of the latter Poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrob'd religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and, when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for

this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction among men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Rev. Mr Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

*The dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your dire hissings into heav'nly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues!*

This profanation, and debasement, of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or, at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method, to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed,

The PREFACE. vii

to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that rises a degree above Mr Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of unclean and abominable. It is strange, that persons, that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me intreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me intreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the *Earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, Thou hast trodden down strength, Judges v. &c.* When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he

viii The PREFACE.

introduces a machine in a vision: *Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes, and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God? &c. Job. iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace, Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! it is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister: as for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit, Job. x. 21. and xvii. 13.—*When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use? *Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth, Job xiii. 25, &c. Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and disselvest my substance, Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap.*

The PREFACE. ix

xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: *They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness, desolate and waste: they cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots, for their meat: they were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were the children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word, &c.* How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul i poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep. I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness, of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the less prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their

designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and Heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling place of God, *He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.* When his holiness is mentioned, *The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: he looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: he is a jealous God, and a consuming fire.* If we speak of strength, *Behold he is strong: he removes the mountains, and they know it not, he overturns them in his anger: he shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: he makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: the pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof.* And, after all, these are but a portion of his ways: the thunder of his power who can understand? His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. *Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makes thou? he bids the heavens drop down from above, and lets the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before*

The PREFACE. xi

*him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: he turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish. His transcendant eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: all nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: he takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning: This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to? And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? the orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: how meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, when Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it: *And the Lord said, let there be light, and there was light; let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and, behold, they are: he commanded, and they appear and obey: by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth: this is working like a God, with**

infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence, for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When *he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: there goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence. If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in chariots of salvation. David beholds him riding upon the Heaven of Heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted upon a cherub and did fly, he flew on the wings of the wind; and Habakkuk sends the pestilence before him. Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγερέα Ζεὺς and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης.— Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the clouds but the dust of his feet; and, when the highest gives his voice in the heavens, hail stones and coals of fire follow. A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. When the Holy*

The PREFACE. xiii

One alighted upon mount Sinai, his glory covered the heavens : he stood and measured the earth : he beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered ; the perpetual hills did bow ; his ways are everlasting. Then the prophet saw the tents of Cushan in Affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble, Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit, which animated these writers, forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions ; the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism ; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress ? Shall the French poet * affright us, by saying,

*De la foi d'un Chretien les mysteres terribles
D'ornemens egayes ne sont point susceptibles ?*

* Boileau.

xiv The P R E F A C E.

But the French critic,* in his reflections upon eloquence, tells us, "that the majesty
 " of our religion, the holiness of its laws,
 " the purity of its morals, the height of its
 " mysteries, and the importance of every
 " subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme : sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture : Let the preacher, that aims
 " at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly,
 " for their writings are an abundant source
 " of all the riches and ornaments of speech." And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

— *Vos exemplaria Græca,
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

As in the conduct of my studies, with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency ; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the holy scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a farther answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble

* Rapin.

The PREFACE. xv

use hath Racine and Corneille made of christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies? What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems? the martyrdom of Polyucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain, in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted.†

It is true, indeed, the christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet.—The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all me-

* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem entitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem, would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

rhods of ornament. The book of Revelation seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre, that form and garnish a heathen song: Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that, when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a christian poem than a modern play? There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the Possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: the heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And, if we survey

The PREFACE. xvii

the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the christian poet ; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales, that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure, how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror ! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impudently neglected by those whom heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them : an art, whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety into resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description ; nor is there any need, or any reason, why we would always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs ; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy : but

modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt; the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? this would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the

The PREFACE. xix

other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient lyrics ; I persuade myself that the christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases ; the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour ; and the same pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our psalm-translators, I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

xx The PREFACE.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poetry is not the business of my life; and, if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame to entertain them or myself, with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the first book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but, upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the songs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral, that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his song, and his father David, in Psalm

* Solomon's song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity, when these poems were written, than now.

The PREFACE. xxi

xlvi. if David was the author : and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence ; it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly in so nice an affair.

The poems sacred to virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse : the image of my heart is painted in them ; and, if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear ; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculty with surprise, delight, and devotion, at once ; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features than in their temper and inward inclination. Some

are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement: their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used, with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the di-

The PREFACE. xxiii

vine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviiith and cxviiith Psalms indited on this very subject? shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? it is utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind, swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls, in that state, will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noble Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the

force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression, in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius to be now and then lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: The riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not be easily overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the poems of heroic measure, I have attempted to rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verse glories in, as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness

The PREFACE. xxv

of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the essays without rhyme, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes, in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence, with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe, that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem: Nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint unsmoothness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion, that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin, the shepherd, and the reign of the fairy queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poetry among the old Romans, and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures.

Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai,

Bv

xxvi The P R E F A C E.

So the ill-drawn postures and distortion of shape, that we meet with in Chinese pictures, charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce them gustful.

In the Pindarics I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive length to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge: Nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: Though I hope the multitude of alterations in the second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between that and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions, also, make up almost half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to

The PREFACE. xxvii

adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again *. So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless, as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poetry can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David in Christian language, which I have now promised the world †.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below

* *Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.*
HOR. Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

† In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

xxviii The P R E F A C E.

the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He, that deals in the mysteries of heaven or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould : and, as the name Vates belongs to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

—Cui mens divinior, atque os,
Magna sonatorum.

But what Juvenal spake in his age abides true in ours : a complete poet or a prophet is such a one ;

Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet ; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of Heaven shall join in consort with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, *Salvation, honour, and glory, to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever !*

May 14 1709.

On reading Mr. WATTS's Poems,
Sacred to Piety and Devotion.

REGARD the man, who, in seraphic lays
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's
praise:
He need invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his
heart,—
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd
t'inspire
With holy raptures and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man ! whose soul, and guiltless
breast,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th'almighty guest !
'Tis He that lends thy tow'ring thoughts
their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to
sing :
He to thy soul lets in celestial day,
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd ;
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast ;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th'angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love !

EUSEBIA.

To Mr. WATTS,

On his Poems sacred to Devotion.

I.

TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

No more Mirtilio's fatal face
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, his youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme ;
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
Surpris'd, I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat ;
The blending forest lends an ear ;
The birds their notes forget.

To Mr. WATTS.

xxx

VI.

With such a graceful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

VII.

Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms, which see
The latter sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies.
July, 1706.

PHILOMELA.

To Mr. I. WATTS,

On Reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

HAIL, heaven-born muse! that, with
celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
Superior, though on earth detain'd awhile;
Like some propitious angel, that's design'd
A resident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wand'ring souls to heavenly
bliss,

xxxii To Mr I. WATTS.

Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting
songs

Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of heaven; with
thought sublime,

And high sonorous words, thou sweetly
sing'st

To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou
soar'st

Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' eternal Father; as of old
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly
hosts,

And with external glories fill'd the void.
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful Hallelujahs blest'd
The bounteous Author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native
seat

Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial
heaven,

The paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal
sweets,

Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heav'nly bloom, and gay immortal
youth.

To Mr. I. WATTS. xxxiii

Not so, alas ! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Power supreme that gave them life and
breath ;

Incarnate fiends ! outrageous, they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet : remembering well
the day,

When driven from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd 'em down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph,
Where, bound on sulph'rous lakes to grow-
ing rocks

With adamant chains, they wail their
woes,

And know Jehovah great as well as good ;
And, fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness ! that the sacred muse,
First taught in heaven to mount immortal
heights,

And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of God and man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging, they try to match the human race,

Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals ! ah ! too late you'll
find

What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell;
'To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her ideous face,
Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry paths,
In gawdy dreams and vain fantastic joys,
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe ;

When the great Judge shall rear his awful
throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling
globe,

While the loud thunders roar from pole to
pole,

And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead ;
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.

Say now, ye men of wit ! what turn of
thought

Will please you then ! alas ! how dull and
poor,

Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights
appear !

How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots ! And perhaps in vain you'll wish
You'd been as very tools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd ;
When pointed light'nings from the wrath-
ful Judge

Shall sing your laurels, and the men,
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall
so low.

To Mr. I. WATTS. xxxv

No more, my muse, of that tremendous
thought !

Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Despises mortal critics idle rules :

While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler scene
presents

Than all the pagan poets ever sang,
Homer or Virgil ; and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
And purer far, though Martial's self might
seem

A modest poet in our christian days.
May those forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fab'lous gods,
Nor heathen wit debauch one christian line,
While with the coarse and daubing paint we
hide

The shining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh ! like
thee

Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their tow'ring
thoughts.

Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To Him who reigns above, and her who
rules below.

APRIL 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

B 6

To Mr. WATTS,

On his Divine Poems.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,
That flame ! that soul, which animates each line ;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense ! say, did not he,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself ? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love : And what is love, in souls like
thine,
But air and incense to the poet's fire ?
Should an expiring faint, whose swimming
eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in.
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near !
So great a stress of powerful harmony
Nature, unable longer to sustain,
Would sink, oppress'd with joy, to endless
rest.

Let none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night ;
What though no shining angel darts from
thence

TO DR. WATTS. xxxvii

With leave to publish things conceal'd from
sense,

In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath
roll'd,

What 'tis employs the blest'd, what makes
their bliss ;

Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like
his.

But then, dear sir, be cautious how you use,
To transports so intensely rais'd, your muse,
Left, while the ecstasie impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the meaner clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS,

On the Fifth Edition of his Horæ Lyricæ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse ; accept the
lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy
praise.

A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page :
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded
groves,

And Addison thy tuneful song approves.

xxxviii To Dr. WATTS.

Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line, }
For every grace of every muse is thine. }
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light ;
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial
throng,

Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song :
From blifs to blifs the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of music and of love.
But, when the softer scènes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint ;
When you describe how few the happy pairs,
Whose hearts united, soften all their cares ;
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell ;
But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and de-
light.

When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
And all, but heaven-born Piety shall die,
When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
And each lascivious poet hides his head,
With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
Crown'd with fresh laurels to thy native skies :
Great Howe and Gouge shall hail thee on
thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly strings,
And join the lyric ode while some fair seraph
sings !

Sic spirat, sic optat,
Tui amantissimus

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.

Worshipping with Fear.

I.

WHO dares attempt th' eternal name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

II.

Destruction waits t'obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his smile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

III.

Celestial king, our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

IV.

When shall we see the great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand ?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

V.

In thee what endless wonders meet !
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

VI.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unveil thy grace,
And humble awe runs through the skies
When wrath arrays thy face

VII.

When mercy joins with majesty,
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

VIII.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created pow'rs how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much a-kin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

Asking Leave to .

I.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

II.

If thou my darling flight forbid,
The muse folds up her wings :
Or, at thy word, her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

III.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And spreads a heav'n below.

IV.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath ;
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

V.

But, when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine Judgements.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the
lower skies :

Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head ;
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look through the clouds and bless me with
his eyes.

Creatures, with all their boasted sway,
Are but his slaves, and must obey ;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or
the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep ;
The North wind blusters, and assumes
command

Over the desert and the deep ;
Old Boreas, with his freezing pow'rs,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their
shores ;

The grasing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the
wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched
throng !)

Seized and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.

Atheist, forbear ; no more blaspheme :
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost and magazines of
flame.

Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
His sharp artillery from the North
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy
mortal frame.

Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
And flocks, and herds, and nations, die ;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale, and, quiv'ring at his dreadful
cold,

Give their own blasphemies the lie.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.

In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,

And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.

6 *LYRIC POEMS.* Book I.

Ye scourges of our maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial
nod,

You deal your various plagues abroad,

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, & floods
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down, with a mighty sweep,
The riches of the fields and honours of the
woods ;

Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves ;
Earthquakes, that, in midnight sleep,
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds
our graves :

While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your
loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a
God to arms !

VI.

O for a message from above,
To bear my spirits up !
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and support my hope !
Let waves and thunders mix and roar ;
Be thou my God, and the whole world is
mine :

While thou art sov'reign, I'm secure ;
I shall be rich till thou art poor ;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth,
and hell, are thine !

Earth and Heaven.

I.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,
Hast thou not read, the solemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On ev'ry mortal joy ?

Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :
And yet with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl
again.

The rills of pleasure never run sincere :
(Earth has no unpolluted spring :)
From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint
they bear :
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a
sting.

II.

In vain we seek a heav'n below the sky ;
The world has false but flatt'ring charms ;
Its distant joys shew big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye.
In our embrace the visions die ;
And, when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

III.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and false light ;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon ;
But, bring the nauseous daubing nigh,

8 *LYRIC POEMS.* Book I.
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul ! pant tow'rd th' eternal
hills ;

Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem ;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal
rills :

There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs, the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears
a sting.

Felicity above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for blifs ;
For blifs can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

II.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod,
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

III.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace ;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

IV.

Why move my years in slow delay ?
O God of ages ! why ?
Let the sphere cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

V.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay ;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

I.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

II.

Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Th' almighty voice bade antient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And, lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

IV.

Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

V.

He spake : The sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day :
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

VI.

Lord of the armies of the sky
He marshals all the stars :
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

VII.

Chain'd to the throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

VIII.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine :
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To scepters and a crown ;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

X.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

XI.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

XII.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

Self - Consecration.

I.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me fore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted all my days ;
My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name :
I would not speak but for my God, nor
move but to his praise.

II.

What are my eyes, but aids to see
The glories of the deity,
Inscrib'd, with beams of light,
On flow'rs and stars ? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green, and gold ;
But, when I try to read thy name, a dimness
veils my sight.

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in :
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred
hymns begin ?

C

IV.

Change me, O God ; my flesh shall be
 An instrument of song to thee,
 And thou the notes inspire :
 My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
 My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
 And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise
 conspire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
 Should it refuse to bear a part
 With my melodious breath,
 I'd tear away the vital chord,
 A bloody victim to my Lord,
 And live without that impious string, or
 shew my zeal in death.

The Creator and Creatures.

I.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One ;
 Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
 Confess the infinite unknown.

II.

From thy great self thy being springs ;
 Thou art thy own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficient bears them all.

III.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine ;
 But nothing like thyself appears,
 Through all these spacious works of thine.

IV.

Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

V.

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright world, and moves their
frame ;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes ;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

VI.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

VII.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

The Nativity of Christ.

“ **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your eyes,
“ And send your fears away :
“ News from the region of the skies !
“ Salvation's born to-day !

II.

- " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you ;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

III.

- " Nor gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
" Nor royal shining things :
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

IV.

- " Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And see his humble throne ;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

V.

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng ;
They tune their harps so lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

VI.

- " Glory to God that reigns above ;
" Let peace surround the earth.
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

VII.

Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When they forget to praise !

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn ;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God glorious and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

II.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

III.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

IV.

But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :

V.

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe ;
We love and we adore.
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

VII.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones.

Oh! the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

VIII.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

IX.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble Enquiry.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below and sits enthron'd
above.

How few the sparks of wrath! how slow
they move.

And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love
embrace

Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash and burn me through the bound-
less seas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my guilt, to such a vastness
grown,
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thy honour bids, "Avenge thine injur'd
name ;"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy
flame.

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder
roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no
more,
But own thy justice, dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death, that cleave the
flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's
blood ?

The Penitent pardoned.

I.

HENCE, from my soul, my sins, depart ;
Your fatal friendship now I see ;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart ;
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
 Yet I carefs'd your vip'rous brood,
 And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
 You, the vile murd'ers of my God.

III.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
 O'er my poor breast with boding fears,
 And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
 Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

IV.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace;
 The bloody Jews were traitors too;
 Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race:
Father, they know not what they do.

V.

Great Advocate! look down, and see
 A wretch whose smarting sorrows bleed!
 O plead the same excuse for me!
 For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my complaints: let ev'ry groan
 Be still, and silence wait his love;
 Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
 And through his inmost bowels move.

VII.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
 Gently as morning dews distil,
 The dove immortal downward flies,
 With peaceful olive in his bill.

VIII.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
 Sweet the relief to deep distress!
 I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
 And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A Hymn of Praise for three great Salvations, viz.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gunpowder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery, by King William, of glorious Memory, who landed No. 5, 1688.

Composed Nov. 5, 1695.

I.

INFINITE God ! thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

II.

From pole to pole thy name is known ;
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise ;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach thy
throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

III.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles :
" There, said the Lord, to ages stand,
" Firm as the everlasting hills."

IV.

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd ;
 Its billows swell'd against our shore :
 Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
 With all the floating war they bore.

V.

" Come," said the sons of bloody Rome,
 " Let us provide new arms from hell :"
 And down they digg'd through earth's dark
 womb,
 And ransack'd all the burning cell.

VI.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
 Infernal coal and sulph'rous flame,
 And all that burns and all that roars,
 Outrageous fires of dreadful name !

VII.

Beneath the senate and the throne
 Engines of hellish thunder lay :
 There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
 To spring a bright, but dismal, day.

VIII.

Thy love beheld the black design,
 Thy love, that guards our island round :
 Strange ! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
 And crush'd the tempest under ground !

The Second Part.

I.

ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,
 Sing the new wonders of the Lord ;
 The foes revive their powers again,
 Again they die beneath his sword.

II.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murd'ers, of an Irish soul,
Ran, threat'ning death, through ev'ry town.

III.

The Roman priest and British prince
Join'd their best force and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

IV.

"Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of darkness rang with joy;
Th'old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

V.

But, lo, the great deliverer sails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas and wishing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

VI.

The happy day and happy year	}	Nov. 5,	
Both in our new salvation meet:		1688.	
The day that quench'd the burning	}	Nov. 5	
snare,			1588.
The year that burnt th' invading			
fleet.			

VII.

Now did thine arm, O God of hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright!
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know,
 And learn the worship of the sky :
 Angels and Britons join below
 To raise their hallelujahs high.

X.

All hallelujah, heav'nly king !
 While distant lands thy vict'ry sing,
 And tongues their utmost pow'rs employ,
 The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

The Incomprehensible.

I.

FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
 My God, the mark of my desires,
 And hides his lovely face.
 When he descends within my view,
 He charms my reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tir d and fainting in th' unequal
 chace.

II.

Or, if I reach unusual height,
 Till near his presence brought,
 There floods of glory check my flight,
 Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
 And all untune my thought ;
 Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
 Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines ;
 Infinite rays, in crossing lines,
 Beat thick confusion on my sight, and over-
 whelm my soul.

III.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne ;
(What single strength in vain designs
United force hath done ;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea ;
But the whole race of creature-souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought,
plunge and are lost in thee.

IV.

Great God, behold, my reason lies
Adoring, yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own.
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' eternal Fair, the infinite Un-
known !

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign, Death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
His trophies spread around !
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

III.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !
How lothesome to the eyes !

24 *LYRIC POEMS,* Book I.

These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

IV.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

VII.

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtless lies
Among the silent graves.

VIII.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say:
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they."

IX.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudly preach
Man's infinite concern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

I.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay;
Then groan'd aloud, with frightened eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

II.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profits too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

III.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here, and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practices her wings.

IV.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created skies.

V.

Had but the prison-walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

VI.

But now the everlasting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

VII.

The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
 At all the gaping flaws ;
 Visions of endless bliss are seen,
 And native air she draws.

VIII.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
 'The breaches never close,
 If I must here in darkness dwell,
 And all this glory lose !

IX.

Or rather let this flesh decay,
 The ruins wider grow,
 Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
 I stretch my pinions through.

The universal Hallelujah.

Pfalm cxlviii. paraphrased.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
 Ye pow'rs that guard his throne ;
 Jesus, the Man, shall lead the song,
 The God inspire the tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
 That fill the realms above,
 Sing ; for he form'd you of his fire,
 And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode,

Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Blush, and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names :
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear, in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore ;

IX.

While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these ;
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him that bade you grow ;
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
 On ev'ry thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
 And climb the morning sky ;
 While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound ;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' eternal Name must fly abroad
 From Britain to Japan,
 And the whole race shall bow to God
 That owns the name of man.

The Atheist's Mistake.

I.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell and burst,
 With bold impiety ;
 Yet shall ye live, for ever curs'd,
 And seek in vain to die.

II.

The gasp of your expiring breath
 Consigns your souls to chains,
 By the last agonies of death
 Sent down to fiercer pains.

III.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell ;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep
Where the old serpent fell.

IV.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.

V.

Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

VI.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues,)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

VII.

Behold, the saints rejoice to die,
For heav'n shines round their heads,
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

VIII.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat ;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye profane ! I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls ;
There's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And distant are our goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

I.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly muse,
And keep th'expecting world in awe.
Oft hast thou sung, in gentler mood,
The melting mercies of thy God ;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law :
To Isr'el first the words were spoke,
To Isr'el freed from Egypt's yoke.
Inhuman bondage ! the hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea :
The rising waves stood guardians of their
wond'rous way ;
But fell with most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the
horse :
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty
tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside ;
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah ! foolish Isr'el to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave,)
'To idols, impotent to save !
Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high.
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law :
Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;
But keep an awful distance still ;
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark ! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near ;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear :
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the
same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heav'ns eternal will proclaim,
That " Time shall be no more."

V.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the
sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty ; round his sapphire
seat
Adoring thrones in order fell ;
The lesser pow'rs at distance dwell,

32 *LYRIC POEMS,* Book I.
And cast their glories down successive at his
feet ;

Gabriel the great prepares his way,
“ Lift up your heads, eternal doors,” he
cries :

Th’ eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.

Heav’ns mighty pillars bow’d their head,
As their Creator bade,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior
sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in
the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems :
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o’er the ethereal road :
Down through his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift roll’d the triumph, and as fast
Did hail and ice, in melted rivers, flow :
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim’d the God,
And scatter’d dreadful light ;
He breath’d, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :
He spoke, and (though with unknown speed
he came)
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging
flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv’d his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur’d the burning hill.

Sacred to Devotion, &c.

Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
The stately pyramids of fire ;
The pyramids to heav'n aspire,
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy
offspring higher.
So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that six-score years has
stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand, the loftiest of the
wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young muse, forbear ;
The flow'ry things that poets say,
The little arts of simile,
Are vain and useless here ;
Nor shall the burning hills of old,
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard ;
Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily ;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright the Italian
shore :
Behold the sacred hill, its trembling spire
Quakes at the terror of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel, under th' Almighty
weight :
Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas'
load,

Deep groan'd the mount ; it never bore
 Infinity before :
 It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of
 a God.

IX.

Fresh horrors seize the camp, despair,
 And dying groans, torment the air,
 And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were
 there ;
 The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's
 blaze,
 Spread through the host a wild amaze ;
 Darkness on ev'ry soul, and pale was ev'ry
 face :
 Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
 " Let Moses speak, or Israel dies :"
 Moses the spreading terror feels,
 No more the man of God conceals
 His shivering and surprise :
 Yet, with recovering mind, commands
 Silence, and deep attention, through the
 Hebrew bands.

X.

Hark ! from the centre of the flame,
 All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
 Majestic sounds break through the smoky
 cloud :
 Sent from the all-creating tongue,
 A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
 And bear their fiery law to the retreating
 crowd !

XI.

" I am the Lord : 'tis I proclaim
 " That glorious and that fearful name,
 " Thy God and King : 'twas I, that
 broke
 " Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke ;

- “ Thine is the right to speak my will,
“ And thine, the duty to fulfil :
“ Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine
 eyes,
“ Nor worship me in shapes and forms that
 men devise ;
“ With rev’rence use my name, nor turn my
 words to jest ;
“ Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane
 my rest ;
“ Honour and due obedience to thy parents
 give,
“ Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the
 guilty live ;
“ Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th’ un-
 lawful bed,
“ Nor steal thy neighbour’s gold, his gar-
 ment, or his bread ;
“ Forbear to blast his name with falsehood
 or deceit ;
“ Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large
 estate.”
-

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles. xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

II.

The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard ;

D

Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

III.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life, and strength, decays.

IV.

No more the blessings of a feast,
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

V.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when light departs
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the superior skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear the tott'ring weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms
Should make a strong defence,
When Death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

X.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load,)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
The sun, whose beams adorns the
spheres,
And with unweari'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years.

II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon;

IV.

Arise, and to that sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

V.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,

Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone.

VI.

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

VII.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

VIII.

Praise thou thy great inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel, ev'ry saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

IX.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

The Welcome Messenger.

I.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine,
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

II.

How could we e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!

We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

III.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

IV.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

V.

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

VI.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet:

VII.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

Sincere Praise.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wond'rous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !

II.

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

III.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.

IV.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

V.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

VI.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

VII.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

VIII.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

IX.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

XI.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of our days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

True Learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of
Mr. Poiret.

I.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has
led
With her own hand to tread the path she
please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

II.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crouds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind :
The truth they shew lies wrapp'd in seven-
fold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them
doubly blind.

III.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :
What empty triflings, and what subtil ways,
To fence and guard my rule and rote !
Our God will never charge us, That we
know them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly word, O touch these cu-
rious souls ;
Since I have heard but one soft hint from
thee,

From all the vain opinions of the schools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely
free.

V.

'Twas this almighty word that all things
made,

He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,

The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre
where they stand.

VI.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errors that besiege me round ;
But he that rests his reason and his sense

Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken
ground.

VII.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires ;

But never tir'd of telling thee,
Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

VIII.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art :

All nature, silent, in his presence stand,

Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my
heart.

IX.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,

Away from sense and every outward show :

Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire

44 LYRIC POEMS, Book I.
May mount and spread above, surveying all
below.

X.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as
this :
Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown
abyss.

True Wisdom.

I.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom
wisdom guides
In her own path to her own heav'nly seat ;
Through all the storms his soul securely
glides,
Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and soar around, supplant his steady
feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek in vain a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

III.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery
horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course ;

He tames and breaks them, manages and
rides 'em,

Checks their career, and turns and guides
'em,

And bids his reason bridle their licentious
force.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human
faults ;

Nor can he think, nor can he find,
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject
mind.

V.

But, oh ! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
'To vanquish self is a laborious art ;

What manly courage to sustain the fight,

To bear the noble pain, and part

With those dear charming tempters rooted in
the heart.

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds,

To rend and tear out this unhappy love,

That clings so close about our minds,

And where th'enchanted soul so sweet a poi-
son finds.

VII.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heav'nly
fire,

Come to my breast, and with one pow'rful
ray

Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear

A while to be a tenant here,

But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of
clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things :
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward
flown ;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was
mine ;
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's
throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er
my soul confine.

X.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love ;
He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire,
My flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move ;
There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs
conspire.

XI.

Thus I with angels live ; thus, half divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts
employs.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun ;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done !

III.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories shew.

VI.

The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey,
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.

VII.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast :
 While the red light'nings wave along,
 The banners of thine host.

VIII.

On the thin air, without a prop,
 Hang fruitful showers around :
 At thy command they sink, and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

IX.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
 And cast my eyes abroad :
 Glancing the British isles along ;
 Blest isles, confess your God.

X.

How did his wond'rous skill array
 Your fields in charming green ;
 A thousand herbs his art display,
 A thousand flowers between !

XI.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
 Fair Albion's best defence,
 While corn and vines rejoice below,
 Those luxuries of sense.

XII.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds :
 And herds of larger size,
 That bellow through the Lindian meads,
 His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood:
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler, God.

XIV.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

XV.

Amidst thy wat'ry kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

PART V.

XVI.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

XVII.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

XVIII.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

God's absolute Dominion.

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo, the Norwegians, near the polar sky,
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow;
Their frozen limbs awake and glow.
The vital flame, touch'd with a strange
supply,
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight
Bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:

Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he ;
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Seven-fold : I see, amidst the flame,
Three Hebrews of immortal name ;
They move, they walk across the burning
stage,
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant flood
A statue ; fear congeal'd his blood :
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments or their hair ;
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sov'reign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine !
How broad thy kingdom, how divine !
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance,
are thine.

IV.

Hence, from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity !
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies :
Creatures without a God can yield me no
supplies.
What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save ?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me
dead ;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

Condescending Grace.

In Imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

I.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings ;

II.

Rides on a cloud, disdainful, by
A sultan, or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'em from afar ;

III.

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

IV.

Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings ?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things ?

V.

Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will ?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

VI.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign, and all free ;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways !
How deep thy judgements be !

The Infinite.

I.

SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harps of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

II.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great everlasting one!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne!

III.

Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

IV.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

VI.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

Confession and Pardon.

I.

ALAS, my aking heart !
Here the keen torment lies ;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace ;
The crimes, that blot my conscience o'er,
Flush crimson in my face.

III.

My sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a ling complaint.

IV.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

V.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders, of a God,
And mercies loudest cries.

VI.

He offers all his grace,
And all his heav'n to me ;
Offers ! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus, the Saviour, stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood ?

IX.

The heav'nly dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy dove,
And sent thy spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise
And yet, and yet, (O matchless grace !)
Thy thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love ?

56 LYRIC POEMS, Book I.
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie:
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

"Rise, says the prince of mercy, rise,
"(With joy and pity in his eyes:)
"Rise and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

XVII.

"See my great father reconcil'd;"
He said. And, lo, the father smil'd;
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings!

*Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and
Babes, praise ye the Lord. Psal. cxlviii.
12.*

I.

SIONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy
sinews strung;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;

Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend ;
His favour is your life, his arm is your
support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your
minutes short.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence ;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense ;
Boast not of those withering charms
That must yield their youthful grace,
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms ;
But love the author of your smiling face ;
That heav'nly bridegroom claims your
blooming hours :
O make it your perpetual care
To please that everlasting fair ;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade
is yours.

III.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size ;
But from the same spring-tide of tears
Commend your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train !) and date your following
years :
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wond'rous frame :
With sounds of tenderest accent raise
Young honours to his name ;
And consecrate your early days
To know the pow'r supreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,

58 LYRIC POEMS, Book I.

Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
 Adore the hand that led your way
 Through flow'ry fields a fair long summer's
 day ;
 Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign
 pow'r
 That set your West so distant from your
 dawning hour.

*Flying Fowl and creeping Things, praise
 ye the Lord. Psal. cxlviii. 10.*

I.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
 Swift and gently cleaves the sky ;
 Whose charming notes address the spring
 With an artless harmony :
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wond'rous structures build :
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawn-
 ing light ;
 To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 Ere you salute the rising day :
 'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every
 ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear, upon your shining back,
 Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make ;
 Let the fierce glances of your eyes
 Rebate their baleful fire :

In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold :
That rich embroidery of your gay attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

III.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
'That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye ;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms !

The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand !
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

II.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way ;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

III.

But, ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

IV.

The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil :

V.

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey ;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

VI.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee ;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me ?

VII.

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand ;
Here all my pow'rs I bring :
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

IX.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

X.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

I.

WHAT is our God, or what his name
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach:
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

II.

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
 Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
 They are too dark, and he too bright,
 Nothing are they, and God is all.

III.

He spoke the wond'rous word, and, lo!
 Creation rose at his command:
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
 Bound in the hollow of his hand.

IV.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
 There nature leans, and feels her prop:
 But his own self-sufficiency bears
 The weight of his own glories up.

V.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
 Measuring their changes by the moon:
 No ebb his sea of glory knows;
 His age is one eternal noon.

VI.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
 The lofty tune let Michael raise:
 All nature dwell upon the sound,
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd ; and justice doom'd us
dead :

The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

II.

Call a bright council in the skies ;
" Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give,
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live ?

III.

" Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance, of a God ?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place ?"

IV.

In vain we ask : for all around
Stand silent through the heav'nly ground :
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

V.

But, O unutterable grace !
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place ;
Down to the world the Saviour flies,
Stretched his naked arms, and dies !

VI.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood ;

What unknown racks and pangs he bore !
Then rose : 'The law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

VIII.

See, how they bend ! see, how they look !
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain ;
The cross and Calvary make them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face ;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
" The wisdom of a Deity !"

X.

Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd :
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
E'er we shall rise to join their song ?

XII.

Lo, from afar, the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray ;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

XIII.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round ;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

II.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

III.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

IV.

Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heav'n is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my pow'rs releas'd
From their old fleshy clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

I.

HE dies ! the heav'nly lover dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings : Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground !

II.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God ;
He sheds a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

III.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo, what sudden joys I see !
Jesus the dead revives again.

IV.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

V.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

VI.

Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's his sting ?
" And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

The God of Thunder.

I.

O The immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur, of our God !
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !

II.

He speaks ; and, lo, all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

III.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue light'ning's horrid glare !
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

IV.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the specious realms below,
Yet will we sing the thunderer's praise,
And send our loud Hosannahs through.

V.

Celestial king, thy flaming power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

VI.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And light'nings round his chariot play !
Ye light'nings fly to make him room,
Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

The Day of Judgement.

An ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphic.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his
airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red light'ning, with a storm of hail,
comes

Rushing amain down :

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and
tremble !
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody
trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them !

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
Such the dire terror, when the great arch-
angel

Shakes the creation :

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of
heaven
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

68 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book I.
V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches !

Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living
worm lies

Gnawing within them.
VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye be-
holds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of ven-
geance

Rolling afore him.
VII.

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and
shiver

While devils push them to the pit wide-
yawning,

Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-
long

Down to the centre !
VIII.

Stop here, my fancy : (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus !

How he sits God-like ! and the saints around
him

Thron'd, yet adoring !
IX.

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannahs, all along the passage,
Shout the Redeemer !

R

The Song of Angels above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upwards glance mine eyes ;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

III.

There the dear man, my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

IV.

Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

V.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

VI.

Hark, how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space; they run,
And speak, in most majestic sounds,
The godhead of the son.

VII.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

IX.

O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within ;)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wond'rous things he said !
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

XI.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays ;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye ;
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound,
The hellish legions fly.

XIII.

Thus, while, with unambitious strife,
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

XIV.

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

Seraph and faint, with dropping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

XVIII.

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

XX.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh for some heavenly notes, to bear
My spirit to the skies !

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your throne, or at your feet,
 So I might see his face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
 But mount in haste above,
 To bless the God that I adore,
 And sing the Man I love.

*Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praise ye the
 Lord.*

I.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
 Who reigns on high ; thou fruitful
 source

Of all our raiment, life, and food ;
 Our house, our parent, and our nurse ;
 Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
 Drest with strong and gay machines,
 Hung with golden lamps around ;
 (And flow'ry carpets spread the ground !)
 Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
 That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space !
 While thy unweildy weight rests on the fee-
 ble air,
 Bless that almighty word that fix'd and holds
 thee there.

II.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
 Whose glorious rage, at his command,

Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the
base ;

Ye heav'nly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows, that his sounding quivers
bear

To scatter deaths abroad ;
Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm, that
flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the
heads of kings.

III.

Thou vital element, the Air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble Man from the cold arms
of death :

And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply,
Sweet Waters, wand'ring through the flow'ry
fields,

Or dropping from the sky ;
Confess the pow'r, whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build or to support
our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry Sea,
Then join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailor's hopes away ;
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the
shores !

Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves :
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of
sand,

Ye storms, adore your Master's hand ;
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his
command.

V.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word, by secret springs,
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe :
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand ;
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea, heard the
creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this
beauteous all
And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-
day.

The Farewell.

I.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual blifs, that charms us so,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

III.

All earthly joys are over-weight'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

IV.

Be gone, for ever, mortal things !
Thou mighty mole hill, earth, farewell !
Angels, aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

V.

Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

God only known to himself.

I.

STAND and adore ! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity !
We gaze, and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th' abiss of dazzling light !

II.

Thou sacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name !

III.

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the great Unknown :
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

IV.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay :
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you ?

V.

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense Original !
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain !

VI.

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise ;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY crimes awake ; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

II.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne ;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

III.

Where shall I hide this noxious head !
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave ?

IV.

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly !
Bedew me with thy blood.

V.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

VI.

I bless that wond'rous purple stream
That whitens every stain ;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

VII.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall ;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

II.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe ;
While, with a smile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

III.

A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

IV.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

V.

His bowels to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move ;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

VI.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain ;
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The Law and Gospel.

I.

"CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
" That doth one wilful sin commit ;
" Death and damnation for the first,
" Without relief and infinite !"

II.

Thus Sinai roars ; and, round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings ;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath
And Calvary, say gentler things.

III.

" Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
" Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
" And life, and joys, and crowns above
" Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God !"

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) Forgive ;
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, " Father, let the rebels live !"

V.

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair !

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
And the keen sword, that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a restless World.

O mens, quæ stabili fata regis, &c.
Casimire, Book IV. Od. 28.

I.

ETernal Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee ?

II.

Thou scatterest honours, crowns and gold ;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold,

The bubbles and the ore :

So emmets struggle for a grain ;

So boys their petty wars maintain

For shells upon the shore.

III.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,

The next a broken sceptre takes,

And warriors win and lose ;

This rolling world will never stand,

Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,

As power decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an atom : greedy swords

Carve it amongst a thousand lords

And yet they can't agree :

Let greedy swords still fight and slay,

I can be poor ; but, Lord, I pray

To sit and smile with thee.

Happy Frailty.

I.

" **H**OW meanly dwells th' immortal
mind !

" How vile these bodies are !

" Why was a clod of earth design'd

" T' enclose a heav'nly star ?

II.

" Weak cottage where our souls reside !

" This flesh a tottering wall ;

- “ With frightful breaches, gaping wide,
“ The building bends to fall.

III.

- “ All round it storms of trouble blow,
“ And waves of sorrow roll ;
“ Cold waves and winter-storms beat thro’,
“ And pain the tenant-soul.

IV.

- “ Alas ! how frail our state !” said I ;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden, from the cleaving sky,
A gleam of glory shone.

V.

- My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath’d her native air ;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a pris’ner here.

VI.

- Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

VII.

- “ How weak the pris’n is where I dwell !
“ Flesh but a tott’ring wall !
“ The breaches cheerfully foretel,
“ The house must shortly fall.

VIII.

- “ No more, my friends, shall I complain,
“ Though all my heart-strings ache ;
“ Welcome, disease, and every pain,
“ That makes the cottage shake.

IX.

- “ Now let the tempest blow all round,
“ Nor swell the surges high,
“ And beat this house of bondage down,
“ To let the stranger fly.

X.

" I have a mansion built above
 " by the eternal Hand ;
 " And, should the earth's old basis move,
 " My heav'nly house must stand.

XI.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
 " (I long to see the God,)
 " And his immortal strength sustains
 " The courts that cost him blood !"

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :
 " I come, my Lord, my Love :"
 Devotion breaks the prison walls,
 And speeds my last remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave attempt ! adventurous he,
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown
 sea :

And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.

I see the surging brine : the tempest raves :
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping
 graves :

He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal
 land,

Fearless, when the great Master gives com-
 mand !

Death is the storm : she smiles to hear it
roar,

And bids the tempest wait her from the
shore :

Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease ;

“ Her faith can govern death ;” she spreads
her wings

Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal
things.

As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies.

Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite
delight,

The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever
bright.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

I.

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o’er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust.

II.

When shall the tedious night be gone ?
When will our Lord appear ?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

III.

Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

IV.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

V.

I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around :
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

VI.

I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
And, lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

VII.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their king,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them, cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

IX.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning king
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

*Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem,
Jesum Christum.*

ODA.

Nov. 1694.

I.

TE, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri, Jesu,
Vox, citharæ, calami, sonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphus incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque Mortem.

III.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvere blando dum patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah,
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus ;

IV.

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, Tantara hiantia
Unaque mergendos ruina
Heu nimium miseros nepotes !

V.

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes & enses, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere, Erebræ monstra.

F 2

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensere flammæ, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

VII.

“ Non tota prius gens hominum dabit
“ Hosti triumphos; quid Patris & labor
“ Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
“ Funditus? O prius astra cæcis.

VIII.

“ Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
“ Aut ipse disperdam Satanae dolos,
“ Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
“ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.

“ Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
“ Æquale testor,” dixit; & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Defiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu, tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

XI.

Vitamque morti; prohi dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O lex nimis aspara!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

XII.

Non pœna lenis! quo ruis, impotens!
Quo, Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Busti que divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Seponere questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chorda. Psalle sonorius
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

XIV.

Sensere numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirum fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

XV.

Late refugit. "Nil agis, impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbraeque flammæ æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Precipites cecidere cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Late ruinam mendat: ab infimis
Lectæque destinata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Hæc strata passim vincula, & hæc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astrecta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum !
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi !

XXI.

Io triumphe ! plestra seraphica,
Io triumphe ! Grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaqua versus ambos
Astra reperiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, Watfi ? cur incola
terræ ?

Quid cupis indignum, mens, habitare lutum ?
Te caro mille malis premit ; hinc juvenes
gravat artus

Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor, mentem male distra-
hit ; auceps

Undique adest Satanas, retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus
astra

Tramitem, & aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dax ; & tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphin officiosa cohors.

Te superum chorus optat amans, te invitat
Jesús,

“ Huc ades, & nostro tempora conde sinu.”
Vere amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut
Satan arcet,

Inde nec alliciunt angelus, astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus.

1694.

HEU quod secla terris carcere corporis,
Watfi ? quid refugis limen & exitum ?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
Magni Patris anhelitat ?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant & dolor & metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt : Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
Longe Christus abest, inter & angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.

* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur,
Iracunda tonans fulmina : Te Deus
Hortatur ; vacuum tende per aera
Pennas nunc homini datas.

* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

Breathing toward the heavenly Country.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

Urit me patriæ decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires ;
I burn, I burn, with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart through with a silver
ray.

Upward my heart aspires :
A thousand lamps of golden light,
Hung high in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous
fires.

O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright centinels ! who guard my Father's
court,

Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come ?
Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie

An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground ?
Descend, some shining servant from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb ;
A grassy turf will raise my head ;
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed
And shed a sweet perfume.

Here I put off the chains of death
My soul too long has worn :
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn ;
Raphael ! behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest :
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pi-
nions of my own !

Casimiri Epigramma 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem qui, ex Mimo Christianus factus, Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æqua voce theatra quatit.
Audiit Omnipotens ; “ Non est opus, inquit,
hiulco

“ Fulmine ; tam facilem, gratia, vince
virum.”

Deserit illa polos, & deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput.

“ Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ comœdia vitæ ;
“ Terra, vale ; cœlum, pladde ; tyranne,
feri.”

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“ Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ comœdia vitæ ;
“ Terra, vale ; cœlum, pladde ; tyranne,
feri.”

Englished.

*On Saint Ardalion, who from a Stage-Player
became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God
profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted
scenes.

II.

Heav'n heard; and straight around the
smoking throne
The kindling light'ning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "there's no need
of you;
" Grace shall descend, and the weak man
subdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage for-
sakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring ax,
And, as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks:

V.

" So goes the comedy of life away;
" Vain earth, adieu; heav'n will applaud
to-day;
" Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude
the play."

*When the Protestant Church at Montpelier
was demolished by the French King's order,
the Protestants laid the Stones up in their
Burying-place ; whereon a Jesuit made
a Latin Epigram.*

Englified thus :

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier
built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their
guilt ;
Too long it stood beneath heav'n's angry
frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it
lies :
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring
come,
Gather and heap them on their father's
tomb.
Thus the curs'd house falls on the build-
er's head :
And, though beneath the ground their
bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the
guilty dead.

The Answer, by a French Protestant.

Englished thus.

A Christian church once at Montpelier
stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon :
Yet Lewis, the vile tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred
stones
(Dear monument !) o'er their dead father's
bones ;
The stones shall move when the dead fa-
thers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th' avenging }
skies.

*Two Happy Rivals, Devotion and the
Muse.*

I.
WILD as the lightning, various as the
moon,
Roves my Pindaric song :
Here she glows like burning noon,

In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas ;
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge
strong,
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree !
Such is the muse : Lo she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a sov'reign
queen she reigns !

II.

If she roves
By streams or groves,
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's or nature's wide campaigns.
If, with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations slain ;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the
purple plain ;
Still I attend her, as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the
skies.

III.

But, when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heav'n invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,

96 *LYRIC POEMS,* Book I.

The muse ascends her heavenly car,
And climbs the steepy path and means the
throne divine :

Then she leaves my flutt'ring mind,
Clogg'd with clay and unrefin'd ;
Lengths of distance far behind,
Virtue lags with heavy wheel ;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise,——swift and high,
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint Devotion panting lies
Half way th' etherial hill.

IV.

O why is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong ?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long ?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heav'nly day ;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high,
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of
bliss.

Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way ;
'There love and zeal, divine and bright,
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or
obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes ;

Or is the vision true?

Behold Religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within
my spacious view.

She smiles, and with a courteous hand

She beckons me away ;

I feel mine airy pow'rs loose from the cum-
b'rous clay,

And with a joyful haste obey

Religion's high command.

What lengths, what heights, and depths,
unknown !

Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars, her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere !

What heav'ns of joy, and light serene,

Which nor the rolling sun has seen,

Where nor the roving Muse has been,

That greater traveller !

VI.

A long farewell to all below,

Farewell to all that sense can shew,

To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,

To all the worlds that fancy builds,

And all that poets know.

Now the swift transports of the mind

Leave the fluttering muse behind,

A thousand loose Pindaric plumes by scat-
tering down the wind.

Among the clouds I lose my breath,

The rapture grows too strong :

The feeble pow'rs that nature gave

Faint and drop downward to the grave ;

Receive their fall, thou treasurer of dearth ;

I will no more demand my tongue,

98 *LYRIC POEMS,* Book I.
Till the gross organ, well refin'd,
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfet-
ter'd mind,
And raise an equal song !

The following Poems of this Book are pecu-
liarly dedicated to Divine Love*.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHere'er my flattering passions rove
I find a lurking snare ;
'Tis dang'rous to let loose our love
Beneath th' eternal Fair.

II.

Souls, whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature has soft but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controuls ;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

* Different ages have their different airs
and fashions of writing. It was much more
the fashion of the age, when these poems
were written, to treat of divine subjects in
the style of Solomon's Song than it is at this
day, *which will afford some apology for the
writer in his younger years.*

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part ;
What tempting things they be !
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee !

V.

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

VI.

Dear sov'reign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free ;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Desiring to love Christ.

I.

COME, let me love : Or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed Fair-one bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !

II.

O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

III.

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

IV.

Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
 Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,
 Jesus, the God, with naked arms,
 Hangs on a cross of love, and dies !

V.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
 Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
 Was ever rebel courted so
 In groans of an expiring God ?

VI.

Again he lives ; and spreads his hands,
 Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart ;
 " By these dear wounds," says he ; and
 stands
 And prays to clasp me to his heart.

VII.

Sure I must love : or are my ears
 Still deaf, nor will my passion move ?
 Then let me melt this heart to tears ;
 This heart shall yield to death or love.

The Heart given way.

I.

IF there are passions in my soul,
 (And passions sure there be)
 Now they are all at thy controul,
 My Jesus, all for thee.

II.

If love, that pleasing pow'r, can rest
 In hearts so hard as mine,
 Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
 For all my love is thine.

III.

Let the gay world, with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain :
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast ;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

V.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord, that hath my love,
Shall call me to his arms.

VI.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

VII.

He glides along by mortal things
Without a thought of love ;
Fulfil his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

Sweet muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove ;
Business, and noise, and day, are fled,
And every care but love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame ;
No Phyllis shall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

III.

Jefus hath all my pow'rs poffest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys :
He, the dear fov'reign of my breast,
Shall fill command my voice.

IV.

Some of the faireft choirs above
Shall flock around my fong
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

V.

His charms fhall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While filence fits on every bough,
And bends the lift'ning woods.

VI.

I'll carve our paffion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear fome myftic mark
That Jefus dy'd for me.

VII.

The fwains fhall wonder when they read,
Inferib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itfelf came down, and bled,
To win a mortal's love !

The Fairest and the only Belov'd.

I.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair ;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And, languishing in doubtful light,
Die at the morning star.

II.

Whatever speaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet
And worthy of my passion, meet ;
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face ;
A thousand arrows, from his eyes,
Shoot through my heart with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

III.

All nature's art shall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's pow'r
To make another wound :
Earthly beauties grow and fade ;
Nature heals the wounds she made ;
But charms, so much divine,
Hold a long empire of the heart ;
What heav'n has joined shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatt'ries of the day,
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away ;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream
And knows not to depart :
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And, floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love ;
Here I confine my sense ;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove,
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let my remnant-minutes pass ;
Grant, thou everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there :
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay ;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God ;
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedoms unconfin'd,
Exult, and spread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n, if thou remove ;
I shall be tir'd and long to die ;
Life is a pain without thy love ;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee ?

Mutual Love stronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ, my God :
With pangs, which none but he could feel,
He bought my guilty soul from hell :
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

II.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms,
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath ;
And through that heav'n of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death ;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly ;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die !

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an esteemed Friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a Desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode ; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter the Sense.

A Sight of Christ.

ANgels of light, your God and King
 surround
 With noble songs ; in his exalted flesh
 He claims your worship ; while his saints
 on earth
 Bless their Redeemer-God with humble
 tongues.
 Angels, with lofty honours crown his head ;
 We, bowing at his feet by faith, may feel
 His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
 Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
 Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
 My joyful heart, high-leaping in my breast,
 With transport cry'd, " This is the Christ
 of God !"
 Then threw my arms around in sweet em-
 brace,
 And clasp'd, and bow'd, adoring low, till
 I was lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can
hold

Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve, or
name,

Though with contempt ; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon
withdrew ;

I sought him whom I love, but found him
not ;

I felt his absence ; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, " Where Jesus is not, all is
vain !"

Whether I hold him with a full delight,

Or seek him panting with extreme desire,

'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul ;

To hold or seek him is my only choice.

If he refrain on me to cast his eye

Down from his palace, nor my longing soul

With upward look can spy my dearest Lord

Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him
still

With sweet reflection, on the peaceful cross,

All in his blood and anguish groaning deep

Gasping and dying there! —

This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live :

A quick'ning virtue, from his death inspir'd,

Is life and breath to me ; his flesh my food ;

His vital blood I drink, and hence my

strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life

Beats quick within my breast ; my vigorous
mind

Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings

108 *LYRIC POEMS, Book I.*

Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without de-
bate,

In perfect union of th' eternal mind.

With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd
thoughts,

Infinite schemes, and infinite designs,
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view ;

Here the beginning and the end of all

I can discover ; Christ the end of all,

And Christ the great beginning ; he my
head,

My God, my glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day, were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive,
and see

Jesus his son and lord ; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself ; then the mysterious Word,
Long hid behind the letter, shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view ; and there
disclose

His Father's sacred works, and wond'rous
ways :

Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace di-
vine,

Through all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double
blaze

Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign,
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death and the tempter, and the man of
sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgement cast,
Shall vex the saints no more : but perfect
love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliss-
ful state.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

II.

See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd ;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side !

III.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

IV.

Or, if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel shew
How much I love my dying God ?
Lord, here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

VI.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart ;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

*A preparatory Thought for the Lord's
Supper.*

In imitation of Is. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from
the skies !
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes !

II.

The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears ;
Dear glorious Man ! that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

III.

Lo ! he reveals his shining breast ;
I own those wounds, and I adore ;
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore !

IV.

Whence flow these favours so divine !
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood ?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food ?

V.

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord :
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

Converse with Christ.

I.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes and forms,
And flatt'ries made to fellow worms :
Their conversation cloy :
Their vain amours and empty stuff :
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of
all my joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue :
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,

112 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book I.

I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think
the darkness long.

III.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load !)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew nor guilt nor grief his own, but
bare it all for me.

IV.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
'Till I am drown'd in tears :
Yet, with the sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my
heart ;
That cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweet-
est balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath :
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song ;
" How has the serpent lost his sting, and
where's thy victory, Death ?"

VI.

But, when he shews his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire :
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with
more intense desire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains :
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my
drooping head sustains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love :
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair ;
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands,
nor can my heart remove.

Grace shining, and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine :
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove :
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear Sov'reign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest?

Why should I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?

O my great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray!
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
'To see me seek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first begun the
tender sound:

Nor can I bear the thought that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying
wound!

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sit majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence is perpetual smart;
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
'To bear the beamings of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the
shade.

V.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the extacy;

Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love
the God again.

VI.

Oh ! why should beauty, heav'nly bright,
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light ?
Our hearts, alas ! how frail their make !
With their own weight of joy they break ;
Oh ! why is love so strong, and nature's self
so weak.

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Among the happy tenants of the skies ;
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome
me.

VIII.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will ;
Unveil thy beauties though I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And, at the trumpet's awful roar,
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more :
Then shall I gaze, with strengthen'd sight
On glories infinitely bright !
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all
delight !

Love to Christ present or absent.

I.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love, exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

II.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile, he wears upon his face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires, my love.

IV.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

V.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in his breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

VI.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep, as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

VII.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

VIII.

Jesus, my God! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

The Absence of Christ.

I.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves:
Tall shadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

II.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

III.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting fair,
Heav'n's ornament, and heav'n's delight,
Is my eternal care,

IV.

But, ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell!
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel!

V.

Penfive, I climb the sacred hills,
 And near him vent my woes ;
 Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
 Yet still my passion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
 I tell the rocks my flame,
 And bless the echo in her cell
 That best repeats his name.

VII.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
 Till pitying winds shall hear,
 And gently bear them up the skies,
 And gently wound his ear.

Desiring his Descent to Earth.

I.

JESUS I love. Come, dearest name,
 Come and possess this heart of mine ;
 I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
 And infinitely less than thine.

II.

O ! if my Lord would leave the skies,
 Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
 My soul should hasten to my eyes
 To meet the pleasures of his face.

III.

How would I feast on all his charms,
 Then round his lovely feet entwine !
 Worship and love, in all their forms,
 Should honour beauty so divine.

IV.

In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move ;
In vain ; for I should gaze so long
'Till I were all transform'd to love.

V.

Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,
" What empty names are crowns and kings !
" Among 'em give these worlds away,
" These little despicable things."

VI.

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

Ascending to him in Heaven.

I.

TIS pure delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

II.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

III.

This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

IV.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
 Let love refine my blood;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my God.

V.

Swift I ascend the heav'nly place,
 And hasten to my home,
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
 I come, O Lord, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
 Let guilt and death remove,
 'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

*The Presence of God worth dying for,
 Or, The Death of Moses.*

I.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
 To see thy lovely face,
 To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
 And feel thy vital rays.

II.

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
 With rapture on his tongue;
 Moses the saint enjoys the same,
 And heav'n repeats the song.

III.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

IV.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad :
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
To see a smiling God !

V.

Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things ;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

VI.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet try'd ;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and
die ;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave ;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

Longing for his Return.

I.

O 'Twas a mournful parting day !
" Farewell, my spouse," he said ;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay !
How long my Love hath staid !)

II.

" Farewell ;" at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky :
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the creation would I rove,
And search the globe in vain ;
There's nothing here that's worth my love,
Till thou return again.

IV.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God.

V.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away ;
Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in Darkness.

I.

1694.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face ;
What though a short eclipse his beauties
 shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer
 cloud :
He is my sun, though he refuse to shine ;
Though for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
 For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God :
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear Sov'reign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue heav'ns, eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring ;
Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours
 away ?
Break, glorious Brightness, through the
 gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare

124 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book I.

Pronounce me prisoner of hell !
 But thou, my Sun, and thou, my Shield,
 Wilt save me in the bloody field ;
 Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glim-
 m'ring ray,
 One glance of thine creates a day,
 And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but, ah ! the times are
 gone,
 When wond'rous power and radiant grace
 Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
 And mingled their victorious rays ;
 Sin, with all its ghastly train,
 Fled to the deeps of death again,
 And smiling triumph sat on every face :
 Our spirits, raptur'd with the sight,
 Were all devotion, all delight,
 And loud hosannas founded the Redeemer's
 praise.

Here could I say,
 (And point the place whereon I stood,)
 Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
 From my descending God :
 I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
 With fruit and manna from above ;
 Divinely sweet the blessings were
 While mine Emmanuel was there :
 And o'er my head
 The conqu'ror spread
 The banner of his love.

IV.

Then why my heart sunk down so low ?
 Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
 And hopeless nature mourn ?
 Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
 Read his unalterable grace

Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jesus.

I.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt. A heavy load!

II.

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

III.

Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

IV.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom:
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.

V.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
 And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
 Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
 Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

VI.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
 Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
 And every limb, and every joint,
 Stretches for immortality.

VII.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
 And burn to meet thy flying throne:
 We rise away from mortal things
 T'attend thy shining chariot down.

VIII:

Now let our chearful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills,
 And smiles to see the lightnings play,
 And flash along before thy wheels.

IX.

O for a shout of violent joys
 To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
 The angel herald shakes the skies,
 Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

X.

Ye slumb'ring fairs, a heav'nly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
 Let every sacred sleeping dust
 Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

XI.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
 New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
 Quick as seraphic flames we move,
 Active, and young, and fair, as they.

XII.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

I.

I Love the Lord ; but, ah ! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are !
This wanton heart, how wide it roves !
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

II.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passion all be gone,
All but my love ; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

IV.

But cares or trifles make or find
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

V.

Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love ;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

VI.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

VII.

False confident ! and falser breast !
Fickle, and fond of every guest :
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

VIII.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad ;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?

IX.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace ;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

X.

Say, when shall that bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more ?

Forfaken, yet hoping.

I.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasure all divine.

II.

Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay, 'till sin defil'd my breast,
'Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly Guest.

III.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe !)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love !
Curse on you, Sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my heart ; complain, my
tongue ;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring :
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

V.

But, ah ! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see :
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my God, for thee !

VI.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne ;
His chariot, through the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

VII.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet his high,
Then the fair Conqu'ror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

VIII.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove ;
Farewell to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

The CONCLUSION.

God exalted above all Praise.

I.

ETERNAL Pow'r ! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
 Infinite length ! beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

II.

The lowest step about the seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
 In vain the tall archangel tries
 To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

III.

Thy dazzling beauties while he sings
 He hides his face behind his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

IV.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 " The Great, the Holy, and the High ! "

V.

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
 And worms have learnt to list thy name :
 But, oh ! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

VI.

God is in heav'n, and men below ;
 Be short, our tunes ; our words be few ;
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*The End of the First Book.**Tibi filet laus, O Deus, Psal. lxxv. 1.*

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

Sacred to VIRTUE, HONOUR, and
FRIENDSHIP.

To Her Majesty.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose-
gentle sway,
Commands our love, and charms our hearts
t' obey,

H

132 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Forgive the nation's groan when William
dy'd :

Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains; while from thy
gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the
throng.

Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright, the terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger }
flies,
And Albion shouts thy honour as her joys }
arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Nor her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassauvian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and
warms

Fainting religion, while, in various forms,
Fair piety shines through the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles,*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils and assist thy hands, }
And crowds wait round her to receive }
commands.

* The established church of England.

There at a humble distance from the throne *
Beauteous she lies ; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd ; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade :
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to
share

In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian
care.

For thee, dear sov'reign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with early wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety : Here a solemn form
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds, our wishes : there
the mind

Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes : yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror
grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy
name ;

Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd : fame's loudest
breath

Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.

The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy : †

Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears
And speeds his flight ; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.

* The Protestant Dissenter s.

† The Pre tender.

May zeal and phrenzy, with her murd'rous
train,
Flee these sweet realms in thine auspi-
cious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the
chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's
stage :
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy
throne
Ethereal ; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung ; for by thine awful
hands
Heav'n rules the waves, and thunders
o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings, * and gives 'em
their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates ;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria,
waits.

But oh ! the parting stroke ! some heav'nly
power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour ;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name ; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,

* She made Charles the Emperor's second
son King of Spain, who is now Emperor of
Germany.

Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged
 bear,
 Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
 And reign with peaceful influence to the
 southern sphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broken the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and, while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1, 1721.

Palinodia.

B RITONS, forgive the forward muse
 That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,

136 LYRIC POEMS, Book II.
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book,)
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendours beaming far;
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Stréaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom, }
Emblems of tyranny and Rome, }
Portending blood and night to come. }
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence sooths the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun, his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1, 1721.

To John Locke, Esq.

Retired from Business.

I.

ANGELS are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their blifs within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.
But narrow minds, still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.

Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honours down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treasure of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind,
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To John Shute, Esq; (now Lord Barrington.) On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sickness, some Time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

I.

AND must the man of wond'rous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?

Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of Faith; and, lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

II.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;

138 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his son.

III.

Thus, when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise :
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true interest * in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. William Nokes.

Friendship.

1702.

I.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain ;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

III.

But, while in floods our sorrow rolls
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

* The Interest of England, written by J. S. Esq.

IV.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

V.

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

To Nathanael Gould, Esq; now Sir Nathanael Gould.

1704.

I.

'TIS not by splendor, or by state,
Exalted mein, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engross'd
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun:
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout, and pronounce him senator*,
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean controul
Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up through the skies;
Farewell this barren land;
We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
And beck'ning angels stand.

To Dr. Thomas Gibson.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.

* Member of parliament for a port in Sussex.

'Tis air that lends us life, when first

The vital bellows heave :

Our flesh we borrow of the dust :

And when a mother's care has nurs'd

The babe to manly size, we must

With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich juleps, drawn from precious ore,

Still tend the dying flame :

And plants and roots, of barbarous name,

Torn from the Indian shore.

Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,

Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,

When bark and steel play well their game

To save our sinking breath.

And Gibson, with his awful pow'r,

Rescues the poor precarious hour

From the demands of death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,

And drugs, and recipes, and forms,

Yield us, at last, to greedy worms

A despicable prey :

I'd have a life to call my own,

That shall depend on heav'n alone ;

Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,

Mix their base essences with mine,

Nor claim dominion so divine

To give me leave to be.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns

O'er the dull current of my veins ;

I feel the inward pulse beat high

With vig'rous immortality.

Let earth resume the flesh it gave,

And breath dissolve among the winds ;

142 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ :
When heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

False Greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest,
That only boasts a large estate ;
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
'Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas ! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own !

III.

Thus, mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know,
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

To SARISSA.

An EPISTLE.

BEAR up, Sarissa, through the ruffling
storms
Of a vain vexing world : Tread down the
cares
Those rugged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth : This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well 'scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils

144 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Of days and hours: The twinge of real
smart,

And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams,
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying
clouds

On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our
tears,

Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred
groans,

(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy
horns

Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your
round,

Those hours are fled, farewell. Months
that are gone

Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows
past,

Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows, in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors, safe,
Look far a-stern, till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler
muse

Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy
cares

To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night,
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us ; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number ; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift
degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period : O celestial point,
That ends this mortal story !

But, if a glimpse of light with flatt'ring
ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wand'-
ring fire,
Amidst the shades, invites your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor ; faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray,
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain
death !
Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof : nor let the gaudy phan-
tom
Too long allure your gaze : The just delight
That heav'n indulges, lawful, must obey
Superior powers ; nor tempt your thoughts
too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size : If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding
joy
To sit too near your heart : Still may our
souls

146 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with
dust

Our better-born affections ; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets ; no lurking
mischief

Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the
boughs ;

The branches bend, laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent :

Hold fast the * golden chain let down from
heav'n,

'Twill help your feet and wings : I feel its
force

Draw upwards ; fasten'd to the pearly gate,

It guides the way unerring : Happy clue

Through this dark wild ! 'Twas wisdom's
noblest work,

All join'd by power divine, and every link
is love.

To Mr. T. Bradbury.

Paradise.

1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th' applauses of the age ;

* The Gospel.

Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years :
I leave my country all in tears,
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare
to go.
Among ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through
all the race.

II.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod :
“ Angel, I come ; lead on the way : ”
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft through azure seas,
Now tread the milky road :
Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres ;
And, as the stars are lost, a brighter sky ap-
pears.

In haste for paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought ;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th' ethereal
waste,
And to the sacred borders brought ;
There, on the wing, a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and
surprise.

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold :
Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes ;
Sit fast upon the flying muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose

O'er all th' empyreal plains.

Noon stands eternal here: Here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;

Here breathe immortal air:

Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure through all thy bosom reign;
The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
And banish every care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may the greedy senses feast
While ecstasy and health attend on every
taste.

With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver
flood,

Nor can excess be there.

V.

In sacred order, rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.

Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,

I was all ear !

Through all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents
roll,

I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there ;

“ Could he but hear these notes, I said,

“ His tuneful soul would never bear

“ The dull unwinding of life's tedious
thread,

“ But burst the vital chords to reach the
happy dead.”

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join

The harmony, and with a noble aim

Attempts th' unutterable name,

But faints, confounded by the notes divine :

Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,

Again her utmost force she brought,

And bow'd beneath the burden of th' un-
weildy thought.

Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice :

Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble
frame,

Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the
dream ;

I sunk at once and lost the skies :

In vain I sought the scenes of light

Rolling abroad my longing eyes,

For all around 'em stood my curtains and
the night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
 I sail upon a morning cloud
 Skirted with dawning gold :
 Mine eyes beneath the opening day
 Commands the globe with wide survey,
 Where ants in busy millions play,
 And tug and heave the mould.

II.

" Are these the things (my passion cry'd)
 " That we call men ? Are these ally'd
 " To the fair worlds of light ?
 " They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
 " Grav'n on their minds, with pointed
 flame,
 " In strokes divinely bright.

III.

" Wretches ! they hate their native skies ;
 " If an ethereal thought arise,
 " Or spark of virtue shine,
 " With cruel force they damp its plumes,
 " Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
 " With business, lust, or wine.

IV.

" Lo ! how they throng with panting breath
 " The broad descending road
 " That leads unerring down to death,
 " Nor miss the dark abode."
 Thus while I drop a tear or two
 On the wild herd, a noble few

Dare to stray upward, and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

V.

I met Myrtillo mounting high,
I knew his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star.

Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark (said he) that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there:
"When kindred minds their God pursue,
"They break with double vigour through
"The dull incumbent air."

Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores and sings,
"Bless'd be the Pow'r that springs their
flight,
"That streaks their path with heav'nly
light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
"And joins their zeal for wings."

To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood.

I.

FLEETWOOD's, young gen'rous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.

Try'd by a standard bold and just,
Honour and gold are paint and dust;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Out-lives the mould'ring corpse, and leaves
the globe behind.

In limbs of clay though she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears
and eyes,

The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame, kin to the
dress she wears:

From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for
ever be.

III.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die ;
Lo ! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our
periods on.
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain or endless joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own :
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun.
See the white minutes wing'd with haste ;
'The Now that flies may be the last ;
Seize the salvation e'er 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone :
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death ;
And drowns you in despair.

TO WM. BLACKBOURN, Esq.

Casimir, Lib. II. Od. 2. imitated.

Quæ tegit canas modo bruma valles, &c.

I.

MARK how it snows ! how fast the
valley fills ;
And the sweet groves the hoary garment
wear :
Yet the warm sun-beams, bounding from
the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young
green appear.

II.

But, when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun ;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's
fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and
golden joys, are gone.

III.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you ; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

IV.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the
pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting
down ;

And honour calls you, from the softer
scenes,

To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

V.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals
have,

And one old age dissolves our feeble frame ;
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred
claim.

VI.

The man, that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day :
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our
names our heirs ;
Old time and waning moons sweep all the
rest away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious
Gaul

Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor : But a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as
wide

As absolute ; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man,
 That chains his rebel-will to reason's
 throne,
 Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
 Makes heav'n its council, from the rolls
 above
 Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
 Create a monarch, not a purple robe
 Dy'd in the peoples blood, not all the crowns
 Or dazzling t'fars that bend about the head,
 Though gilt with sun-beams and set round
 with stars.

A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
 And treads upon them ; when he stands
 alone,

Makes his own camp, four guardian virtues
 wait

His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
 Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his
 thoughts

In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
 Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
 All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
 Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her
 charms,

To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
 To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
 Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
 Are moulded into softness) still his mind
 Wears its own shape, nor can the heav'nly
 form

Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
 Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the
noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the
shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound ;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite, or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his
shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom : sit above the globe,
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the
height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside,
Safe from the smiling and the frowning
world.

Yet once a day, drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil to purchase wealth and
fame,
A bubble or a dust : Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without re-
nown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget
the ground,
My gen'rous muse, and sit among the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her
birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her
state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She weilds her passions like her limbs, and
knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never
make
Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: He hath no desire
To read his secret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.

He that, unshrinking and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears 'em well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland
seas

With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, and rush amain.
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he
stands,

Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; "souls alone
"Are heirs of dying worlds; a piercing
glance

Shoots upwards from between his closing
lids

'To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Among his native rubbish; while the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted
guest

Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our wil-
ling souls,

No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my
friend,

Serenely, and break through the stormy
brine

With steady prow; know we shall once
arrive

At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer; whether as kings

160 *LYRIC POEMS, Book II.*
Of wide command we've spread the spacious
 sea

With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my narrow plank shift me to
 land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be
 lost.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe,

The Director of my youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, the tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!

My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these shackles of the mind
 Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Sampson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found,

He well aveng'd his eyes.

I love thy gentle influence, Rowe ;
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind ;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly :
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls ?
A genius, which no chain controuls,
Roves with delight, or deep, or high :
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

To the Reverend Mr. Benoni Rowe.

The Way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chace ; and, wand'ring wide,
We miss th' immortal good ;
Yet, if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same :
Dress'd in thy notions I'd appear,
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance ;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way,
O'er dales and hills, from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires ; she hates the crowd,
And, with a decent scorn,
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a passage worn.

III.

Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong ;
There's scarce one bold, one noble, mind
Dares tread the fatal error back ;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind,
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood,
In rapid order roll :
Example makes the mischief good :
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let * Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind ; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in
Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

To the Rev. Mr. John Howe.

I.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet ;
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel, th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul :
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men :
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain !

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good :
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy ;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth

164 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Melt their bright substance down with drossy
earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure
alloy !

III.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng :
“ Knowledge and love make spirits blest'd,
“ Knowledge their food, and love their
rest ;”
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind,
Round the short joys of earthly kind,
In restless windings roam :
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll.
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The Disappointment and Relief.

I.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs :
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round,
Of waning moons and rolling years,

Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If (where no sov'reign cure appears)
No opiates could be found?

II.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:

Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger
knows,

On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd
the flood:

Then, fond to be entirely blest'd,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,

And rears the nether mud:

Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to tease the heart, and sorrow for
the eyes.

The golden bliss, that charm'd her sight,
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark, or glimm'ring streak at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint
delight.

III.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,

Doris awakes at last,

Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast:

When the low'ring frown she spies

On her haughty tyrant's brow,

With humble love she meets his wrathful
eyes,

And makes her sov'reign beauty bow;

166 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Cheerful she smiles upon the grizzly form ;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And, with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours :
Well colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strows her bed with flow'rs.

The Hero's School of Morality.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground ;
And, searching onward as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out SCI-P-I-O.

“ Enough, he cry'd ; I'll drudge no more
“ In turning the dull Stoics o'er ;
“ Let pedants waste their hours of ease
“ To sweat all night at Socrates ;
“ To feed their boys with notes and rules,
“ Those tedious recipes of schools,
“ To cure ambition : I can learn
“ With greater ease the great concern
“ Of mortals ; how we may despise
“ All the gay things below the skies.

“ Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 “ And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.”

Freedom.

1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er
 comport

With the gay slaveries of a court :

I've an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.

Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose
 his state ;

Move as he moves, and, when he loiters,
 stand ;

You're but the shadows of a man.

Bend when he speaks ; and kiss the ground :

Go, catch th' impertinence of sound :

Adore the follies of the great ;

Wait 'till he smiles : but, lo, the idol frown'd,
 And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus base-born minds : But, as for me,

I can and will be free :

Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,

My soul grows firm upright,

And, as I stand and as I go,

It keeps my body so ;

No, I can never part with my creation-
 right.

Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which
form'd it free.

III.

Thus by bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical ; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.

Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.

Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind ;

Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And, as the tempest fell, th' obedient va-
pours sunk :

Again it roars with bellowing sound ;
The meaner plants, they grew around,
The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd
the ground :

Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd ;
In vain the winds their forces try'd.
In vain they roar'd ; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's stroke.

*On Mr LOCKE's Annotations upon several
Parts of the New Testament, left behind
him at his Death.*

I.

THUS reason learns, by slow degrees,
What faith reveals ; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries,
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes,
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

II.

Reason could scarce contain to see
Th' almighty One, th' eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity ;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And dress'd in glories so unknown :
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey ?
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sov'reign
feet.

IV.

Sister of faith, fair charity,
Shew me the wond'rous man on high ;
Tell how he sees the Godhead three in one ;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest pow'rs in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.

- " Forgive, (he cries) ye saints below,
" The wav'ring and the cold assent
" I gave to themes divinely true ;
" Can you admit the blessed to repent ?
" Eternal darkness, veil the lines
" Of that unhappy book,
" Where glimm'ring reason with false lustre
shines,
" Where the mere mortal pen mistook
" What the celestial meant !"

See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5. which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the deity and satisfaction of Christ. Therefore, in the fourth stanza, I invoke Charity, that, by her help, I may find him out in Heaven, since his notes on 2 Cor. v. ult. and some other places, give me reason to believe he was no Socinian, tho' he has darkened the glory of the gospel, and debased Christianity, in the book which he calls the Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

True Riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do :
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to day :
Then, if haply midnight-death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches, that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie a-far beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a-whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here, on all the fair shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useless grows ;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see ;

Notions, in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight ;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth ;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise ;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul :
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru.
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Lothe to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,

Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence ;
 Or she sits at fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living ;
 Never, never, would she buy
 Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store,
 If her inward worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
 With an inimitable wing :
 Through rising deluges of dawning light
 She cleaves her wond'rous way,
 She tunes immortal anthems to the growing
 day ;
 Nor Rapin* gives her rules to fly, nor
 Purcell § notes to sing.

II.

She nor enquires, nor knows, nor fears,
 Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th'
 ingulphing sand,
 Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
 She meets descending angels as she flies,
 Nor asks them where their country lies,

* A French critic.

§ An English master of music.

Or where the sea-marks stand.

Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial
land :

III.

While little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless deep :
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull ;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest
play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be cor-
rectly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the
stars behind ;
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells : The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue ;
New terrors, or new glories shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our
souls along.

176 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos
 roar,

And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs
 over-thrown,

Where his advent'rous genius led :
Sovereign, she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse
 sublime,

A monument too high for coupled souls to
 climb.

He mourn'd the garden lost below ;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe !)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unri-
 vall'd strains.

VI.

Immortal bard ! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire :
All heav'n fits silent while to his sov'reign
 strings

He talks unutterable things ;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers
 rove

Across the golden lyre :
From every note devotion springs,
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

I.

TWAS in a vale, where ciphers grow
By murm'ring streams, we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares :
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright :
Still sick'ning, and decaying still ;
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels ;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned souls behind ;
In the young morning of our years
Distempering fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the lab'ring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-bright'ning all the skies :
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suas arise ?

VI.

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly :
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

VII.

Some friendly spirits from above,
Born of the light, and nurs'd with love,
Assist our feebler fires :
Force these invading glooms away ;
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

But, if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind Death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner, Mind :
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large,
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

I.

1702.

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb :
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

II.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone ;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades ;
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the ev'ning shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unblest'd !
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
I' admit a foreign foe.

V.

Sorrows in long succession reign ;
Their iron rod I feel :
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner still.

VI.

Why was this life for misery made ?
Or why drawn out so long ?
Is there no room among the dead ?
Or is a wretch too young ?

K

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
 Be kind, ye rolling pow'rs,
 Hurl my days headlong down the hill
 With undistinguish'd hours.

VIII.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
 Nor smile upon a slave :
 Darkness, and death, make haste at once
 To hide me in the grave.

The Reverse, or, The Comforts of a Friend.

I.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
 'Till grace lift up her head,
 Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
 And, smiling, thus she said :

II.

Were kindred spirits born for cares ?
 Must every grief be mine ?
 Is there a sympathy in tears,
 Yet joys refuse to join ?

III.

Forbid it, heav'n, and raise my love,
 And make our joys the same :
 So bliss and friendship join'd above
 Mix an immortal flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
 That brightens all the soul,
 As deluges of dawning light
 O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

V.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years:
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays.

To the Right Hon. John, Lord Cutts.

At the Siege of Namur.

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

“ **O** Why is man so thoughtless grown?
“ Why guilty souls in haste to die?
“ Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
“ Heedless, to arms and blood they fly.

II.

- “ Are lives but worth a soldier’s pay ?
 “ Why will ye join such wide extremes,
 “ And stake immortal souls in play
 “ At desperate chance and bloody games ?

III.

- “ Valour’s a noble turn of thought,
 “ Whose pardon’d guilt forbids her fears :
 “ Calmly she meets the deadly shot,
 “ Secure of life above the stars.

IV.

- “ But Frenzy dares eternal fate,
 “ And, spurr’d with honour’s airy dreams,
 “ Flies to attack th’ infernal gate,
 “ And force a passage to the flames.”

V.

Thus, hov’ring o’er Namuria’s plains,
 Sang heav’nly love in Gabriel’s form :
 Young Thrafo felt the moving strains,
 And vow’d to pray before the storm.

VI.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls ;
 “ Vows are but wind,” the hero cries ;
 Then swears by heav’n, and scales the walls,
 Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

*Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial,
 Oldham, Dryden, &c.*

I.

I Judge the muse of lewd desire ;
 Her sons to darkness, and her works to
 fire.

In vain the flatteries of their wit,
Now with a melting strain, now with a
heav'nly flight,

Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.

So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but, all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging
fin.

II.

Die, Flora, die, in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Strip of thy false array.

Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damna-
tion gay,

Attend your mistresses to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon
her shade.

III.

Strephon *, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)

As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.

" Burn, burn, (he cry'd with sacred rage,)

" Hell is the due of ev'ry page,

" Hell be the fate. (But, O indulgent
heav'n!

" So vile the muse, and yet the man for-
giv'n!)

" Burn on my songs: For not the silver
Thames,

* Earl of Rochester.

184 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

“ Nor Tyber with his yellow streams,
“ In endless currents rolling to the main,
“ Can e’er dilute the poison, or wash out
the stain.”

So Moses by divine command
Forbade the lep’rous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown,
“ Break down the timber, and dig up the
stone.”

To Mrs. B. Bendish.

Against Tears.

1699.

I.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away,
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

II.

Or, if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain,)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sov’reign drop for all my pain.

III.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I’d give both Indies for a tear;
I’d barter all but what’s divine;
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

IV.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe:
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

V.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our mis'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
'Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

VI.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through
the foe:
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few happy Matches.

August, 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bless'd as they.

III.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive † a base-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your sword!

IV.

Factions among the Britons † rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, " 'Tis of diviner weight
" To save the steeple than the state."

VI.

The bold machine § is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandfires shades, with jealous eye,
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

VIII.

If Trivia || fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least ** petition for the land.

† The Pretender proclaimed king in France.

‡ The parliament.

§ The bill against occasional conformity,
1702.

|| Mrs. Polhill, of the family of the Lord
Trevor.

** Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous
gentlemen who presented the famous
Kentish petition to the parliament, in
the reign of King William, to hasten
their supplies in order to support the
King in his war with France.

*The celebrated victory of the Poles over
Osman, the Turkish Emperor, in the
Dacian Battle.*

*Translated from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with
large additions.*

GADOR, the old, the wealthy and the
strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroic muse
Unknown, nor unknown,) held fair pos-
sessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy
springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-
moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: and, fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd
his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords, (bright furniture of
war,
Sleeping in rust,) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the
yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon
song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove se-
 cure,
 Or feed beside me; taste the greens and
 boughs
 That you have long forgot : crop the sweet
 herb
 And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
 Leans on his spear, and breathes ; yet still
 his eye
 Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier,
 say,
 How fair, a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
 Strew'd the Moldavian fields ? What mighty
 piles
 Of vast destruction and of Thracian dead
 Fill and amaze my eyes ? Broad bucklers lie,
 (A vain defence,) spread o'er the pathless
 hills,
 And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
 Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan
 limbs.
 This the fierce Saracen wore, (for, when a
 boy,
 I was their captive, and remind their dress :)
 Here the Polonians, dreadful, march'd along,
 In august port and regular array,
 Led on to conquest : Here the Turkish chief,
 Presumptuous, trod, and in rude order rang'd
 His long battalions, while his populous
 towns
 Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, dress'd in
 arms,
 Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

 Oh ! the dire image of the bloody fight
 These eyes have seen, when the capacious
 plain

Was throng'd with Dacian spears ; when
polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the
sun,
Restoring all his beams ! but frowning war,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its
fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd awhile
By wise command ; fledg'd arrows on the
nerve ;
And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant ; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous
fire.

Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd
with arms :

Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death : with adverse
edge

The crooked faulchions met ; and hideous
noise,

From clashing shields, through the long ranks
of war,

Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse, and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony ! Not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling
hail,

Lash with such madness the Norwegian
plains,

Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks,

192 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the
rock :

The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous clash, rolls down the rugged
cliff,

Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine ; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills !
Such was the noise of war : The troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions ; rocks and lofty
hills

Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate,
appear
In all their murderous forms ; and flame
and blood,
And sweat and dust, array the broad cam-
paign
In horror ; hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly
gripe,
Join in the fight ; and breasts in close em-
brace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey ; bold feats of arms,
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more surprising
brightness
Than glittering helmets or spears. What loud
applause,
(Best meed of warlike toil,) what manly
shouts,

And yells unmanly thro' the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless flame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious.
Here
Stood the more num'rous Turk, the valiant
Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with
lesser wings.

But what the Dahees, or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing
riders,

What could they mean against th' intrepid
breast

Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty
flood.

Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the graz-
ing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the
plain.

The bold Borussian, smoking from afar,
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of Heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their co-
horts firm

Met the like thunder, and an equal storm

From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point ; while baleful
 mischiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers, flew across the
 field,
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I
 stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing
 sound,
Eager of glory and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging
 foes,
And drove them backward. Then the
 Turkish moons
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night to all her sons : at length, dis-
 rob'd,
The standards fell ; the barbarous ensigns,
 torn,
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry
 Heav'n :
And a large cloud of infantry and horse,
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny
 limb,
Nor high-built size prevails : 'Tis courage
 fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single ax,
And steel well sharp'ned : so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand
 doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry
green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran
bands
Here made their last campaign. Here
haughty chiefs,
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour, lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers and long
night.
Their ghosts, indignant, to the nether world
Fled, but attended well : for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or
squares,
Firm as they stood ; to the Warsovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen pole-ax flew
With speedy terror through the feebl'ier herd,
And made rude havoc and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the
name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled,
In swift affright a thousand different ways,
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the
craggy mountains,
Bellowing ; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect, distant, fill'd my
soul
With awe ; till the last relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying, had disclos'd
The ghastly plain : I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and
limbs,

196 *LYRIC POEMS.* Book II.

(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore,
Lay welt'ring on the ground! while flitting
 life

Convuls'd the nerves, still shivering, nor had
 lost

All taste of pain: Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans
 aloud,

Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals
 firm

Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of nature, to sustain

Long torment: His wide eye-balls roll: His
 teeth,

Gnashing with anguish, chide his ling'ring
 fate.

Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Among the neighbouring dead; they, round
 their lord,

Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die so near their
 prince.

I mov'd not far, and, lo, at manly length,
Two beauteous youths, of richest Ott'man
 blood,

Extended on the field: in friendship join'd,
Nor fate divides them: Hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in show'rs of darts
 they fell,

Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's
 heart,

In vain: for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins; some, alas! too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely
 bosoms

Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropp'd on their wan cheeks, when strong
 compassion

Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.

Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the bless'd. " Sleep, sleep, ye hap-
 less pair,

" (Gently, I cry'd,) worthy of better fate,
" And better faith " Hard by the General,
 lay,

Of Saracen descent, a grizzly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a furly brow
Low'ring in death, and vex'd; his rigid
 jaws,

Foaming with blood, bite hard the Polish
 spear :

In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caraccas : In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning
 fierce,

With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsawian silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How Heaven con-
 founds

Insulting hopes ! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the
 reins

To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end !

But whither am I borne? This thought
of arms

Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls
What generous horse should hear. Break
off, my song,

My barbarous muse, be still : immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse :
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the
fight

In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening star
Shines o'er the western hill ; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer
home,

To Mr. Henry Bendish.

Dear Sir,

Aug. 24, 1705.

THE following song was yours when first
composed : The muse then described
the general fate of mankind, that is, to be
ill-matched ; and now she rejoices that you
have escaped the common mischief, and that
your soul has found its own mate. Let this
ode then congratulate you both. Grow mu-
tually in more complete likeness and love :
Persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from
the press what the pen more privately in-
scribed to you long ago ; and I am in no
pain lest you should take offence at the fa-
bulous dress of this poem : Nor would

weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken, by the holy writers, in visions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

The Indian Philosopher.

Sept. 3, 1701.

I.

WHY should our joys transform to
pain?

Why gentle Hymen's filken chain

A plague of iron prove?

Bendish, 'tis strange the charm, that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

II.

In vain I fought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and crosses the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till, on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

IV.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song ;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream ;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

V.

" He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass, that, still the same,
" Does all our minds compose :
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames ;
" Thence diff'ring souls, of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempests rose.

VI.

" The mighty Power, that form'd the mind,
" One mould for every two design'd,
" And bless'd the new-born pair :
" This be a match for this : " (he said :)
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here :

VII.

" But, parting from their warm abode,
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands :
" Ah ! cruel chance and crossing fates !
" Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
" The sweetest joy of life :
" But, oh ! the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd th' eternal strife !"

IX.

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard ;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow :
" Sure, then, (I cry'd) might I but see
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fair,
" Or distant seas detain ?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain."

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as light is Myron's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the
pole :
In manly beauty shines his face ;
Every muse, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely
sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold this manhood scarce begun !
Behold his race of virtue run !
Behold the goal of glory won !
Nor Fame denies the merit, nor withholds
the prize :
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim :

The lands which learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous songs, pronounce the British
hero's name.

"Airy blifs (the hero cry'd)
"May feed the tympany of pride;
"But healthy souls were never found
"To live on emptiness and sound."

II.

Lo, at his honourable feet,
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours,
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
"Blifs is not made of glittering clay."

III.

Now Pomp and grandeur court his head,
With 'scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread:
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table
wait:

They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their Lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd
Word,
And the command fulfil.

Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropp'd a tear, and pity'd kings :
Then, flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

IV.

Music, descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art ;
By slow degrees from soft to loud,
Changing, she rose : the harp and flute,
Harmonious, join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless
love,
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best ;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

V.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
“ In crowds of pleasure still I find
“ A painful solitude of mind.
“ A vacancy within which sense can ne'er
supply.
“ Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring snares,
“ Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
“ Ye unperforming promisers !
“ Be all my baser passions dead,
“ And base desires, by nature made
“ For animals and boys :
“ Man has a relish more refin'd,
“ Souls are for social bliss design'd ;
“ Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
“ A kindred soul to double and to share my
joys.”

L

Myrrha appear'd : serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
In softer beauties shone her face ;
Every muse and every grace
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good, her tongue divine-
ly sweet :

Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes :
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before :
His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
“ Enough !” (th' impatient hero cries,
And seiz'd her to his breast,)
“ I seek no more below the skies,
“ I give my slaves the rest.”

TO DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

*An Answer to an infamous Satire, called
Advice to a Painter ; written, by a
nameless Author, against King William
III. of glorious Memory, 1698.*

SIR,

WHEN you put this satire into my
hand, you gave me the occasion of
employing my pen to answer so detestable a
writing ; which might be done much more
effectually by your known zeal for the inte-

rest of his majesty, your counsels and courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And, since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of loyalty to the best of kings, addressed, to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by, Sir, your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero, that redeem'd our
land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand ?
The man of wond'rous soul, that scorn'd
his ease,
Tempting the winters and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon ? Must
William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of
fame,
William, the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and
lust ?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits
flame ;
Can your zeal sleep ? Or are your pas-
sions tame ?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's
name ?

206 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders
roll?

Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame!
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shewn }
Under no shape, but angels, or his own, }
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne!

Oh! could my thought but grasp the vast
design,

And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of
the slain, }

Scattering just vengeance through the red
campaign! }

Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'twas thus the conqueror thro'
the squadrons broke! }

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock
he stood, }

His country's single barrier, in a sea of
blood! }

Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and pro-
vokes his own;

But heav'n secures its champion ; o'er
the field
Paint hov'ring angels ; though they fly
conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on
his shield. }

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory ; on the strand
Spread half the nation, longing 'till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful
teint, }

All red the warrior, white the ruler paint ;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint. }
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet, }
While round his head the laurel and the
olive meet, }

The crowns of war and peace ; and may
they blow

With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.

At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes ; thence the monarch
draws

His wise and just commands ! —————

Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,

On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,

And bless the piece ; these statutes are your
own,

That sway the cottage, and direct the throne ;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws,
the same.

208 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes
display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guar-
dian's head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions
spread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial
queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly mein;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from
his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the
wise,
Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful, but
not vain;
Bright, without terror; great, without
disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example through the
land:
Not so the former reigns; ———
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be express'd!
Colours must fail where words and numbers
faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone
to paint.

P A R T II.

NOW, muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd
pen ;

Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law ;
At one slight dash he cancels every name
From the white roll of honesty and fame :
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets
for knave,

Shoots sudden bolts, promiscuous, at the
base and brave,

And, with unpardonable malice, sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear, or, if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence, shedding civil war ;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground, }
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round, }
These are the imps of hell, that curst tribe,
That first create the plague, and then the
pain describe.

Draw next above the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile ;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur, and com-
mand,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand :

210 LYRIC POEMS, Book II.

Paint forth the knaves that have the nation
fold,

And tinge their greedy looks with sordid
gold.

Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels thro'.

Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown :

He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest d, how vain his labours
prove

To save the stubborn land he condescends
to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety :

And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloy :

'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed :

We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.

But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a lodging in our breast ;
She finds or frames vexations still,

Herself the greatest plague we feel.
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free,
Still we affect variety :
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track ; and still, and still,
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes :
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods ; a hermit saint !
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn :
But Humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart : she's hurry'd still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will :
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her furies or her loves. }

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air :

In vain we change, in vain we fly;
 Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
 Or ride upon the feather'd wind
 In vain; if this diseased mind
 Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
 Faithful disease, that never fails
 Attendance at her lady's side,
 Over the desert or the tide,
 On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shews
 To fix the place of her repose,
 Needless to move; for she can dwell
 In her old grandfire's hall as well.
 Virtue, that never loves to roam,
 But sweetly hides herself at home;
 And, easy, on a native throne
 Of humble turf, sits gently down.

Yet, should tumultuous storms arise,
 And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
 Should the waves swell, and make her roll
 Across the line, or near the pole,
 Still she's at peace; for well she knows
 To launch the stream that duty shews,
 And makes her home where'er she goes.
 Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
 Or waft her, winds, from east to west
 On the soft air: she cannot find
 A couch so easy as her mind,
 Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

*To John Hartopp, Esq; now Sir John
Hartopp, Bart.*

Casimire, Book I. Od. 4. imitated.

Vive, jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July 1700.

I.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live, to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
“Inglorious here he lies;”
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev’ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth’s a soft scene, but trust her not :
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slipp’ry sphere ;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds
The sun has pass’d his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head ;
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shews !

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream.

The pleasures, that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.

So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reigns of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive——
—— down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest,
And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12 imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

1700.

I.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
'Till she ascend the skies :
And in my closet I could rest
'Till to the Heavens I rise.

II.

Yet, they will urge, " This private life
" Can never make you blest'd,
" And twenty doors are still at strife
" T' engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or
Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay,
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill
the day.

216 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
III.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great :
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring
soul ;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my
God.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning, ('tis an awful day !)
When the great sovereign shall at large
review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage
of clay :
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince
he damns.
Oh ! if the judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy though unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the shouting
street.

V.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound ;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring
gale
Upon her airy wings,
'Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the
wound ;
Then her flagging pinions fail,

Down Glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little
name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you.
For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the pleasing hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of pow'r;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
And Virtue stands the mark of universal
spight.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

Now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

The Disdain.

1704.

I.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet :
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the stars, and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame :
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys ;
Be shining dust the miser's food ;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

To MITIO, my Friend.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth: But you will quickly discover, that the muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago, to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

The Mourning Piece.

LIFE's a long tragedy : this globe the
 stage,
 Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong
 machines,
 Gay fields, and skies, and seas : the actors
 many :
 The plot immense : A flight of dæmons sit
 On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose ;
 And shoot across the scenes ten thousand
 arrows
 Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
 With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
 The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
 Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the
 wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
 Nor wishes an associate ; lo, she glides
 Single through all the storm, and more
 secure ;
 Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
 The fewest darts. " But, O my lov'd
 Marilla,
 " My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
 " How much art thou expos'd ! Thy grow-
 ing soul,
 " Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in chil-
 dren,
 " Stands but the broader mark for all the
 mischiefs

- “ That rove promiscuous o’er the mortal stage :
- “ Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces
- “ Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
- “ How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
- “ And soften every fibre to improve
- “ The mother’s sad capacity of pain !
- “ I mourn Fidelio too : though heaven has chose
- “ A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
- “ The pride and flower : how blest’d the lovely pair
- “ Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves,
- “ And woes well-mingled, could improve our blifs !
- “ Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
- “ The father and the husband ; flattering names,
- “ That spread his title, and enlarge his share
- “ Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
- “ To multiply his joys, but every hour
- “ Renews the disappointment and the smart.
- “ There’s not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
- “ Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
- “ (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.
- “ Strange is thy power, O love ! what numerous veins,
- “ And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
- “ Are link’d and fasten’d to a lover’s heart,
- “ By strong but secret strings ! With vain attempt

- " We put the stoic on, in vain we try
 " To break the ties of nature and of blood ;
 " Those hidden threads maintain the dear
 communion
 " Inviolably firm : their thrilling motions,
 " Reciprocal, give endless sympathy
 " In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
 " Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
 " These avenues of love to reach our souls,
 " And pain had never found 'em !"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
 The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
 And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
 Luring her eyes with trifles dipp'd in gold,
 And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
 And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
 Nor put the chains on ; dangerous to try,
 And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
 Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
 Harmonious sorrow ; and the pitying drops
 Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless
 state

Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
 To soften life, and make our iron cares
 Easy : but thy own cares, of softer kind,
 Give sharper wounds : they lodge too near
 the heart,
 Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
 A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
 (For thou art learned now) what anxious
 thoughts,
 What kind perplexities, tumultuous, rise,
 If but the absence of a day divide
 Thee from thy fair belov'd ! vainly smiles

The cheerful sun, and night with radiant
eyes

Twinkles in vain : The region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.

Tell me, what toil, what torment, to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours ?

The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves,
Restless, in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe : Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.

Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and, round thine ears,
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd
death !

Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps
cold

Through every vein ! Speak, does the stranger
muse

Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all ? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere ? Thy hopes ful-
fill'd,

Or frustrate ? here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendship and oblivion ; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful
gall.

Nor let thine eyes too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely
death

Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd, in sad succession, while his
soul

Is torn away piece-meal : Thus dies the
wretch

224 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
A various death, and frequent, e'er he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate,
Survive, and, in the sweetest, saddest, airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling
hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double
pangs,
What racks, what twinges, rend his heart-
strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn ! What jealous
cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men ! So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate : the widow-
bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her
food,
Forgets her life ; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood.—————

The SECOND PART ;

Or, The Bright Vision.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd
mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,

Indulg'd a gloom of thought ; and thus she
sang,

Partial : for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in fable robe : The penfive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and
fought

Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial
ray,

In the fair world of love : but, while she
gaz'd,

Delightful, on the state of twin-born souls
United, blest'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass,
Deceitful ; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery : Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.

Swift vanishes the sullen form, and, lo,
The scenes shine bright with bliss ; behold
the place

Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come,
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor
disease,

Nor malice, forked-tongu'd. On this dear
spot,

Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy
station

To act thy part of life, serene and blest'd
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership ! one hour they
liv'd,

But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent
pair !)

For sin and shame, and this vast wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.

The wishing muse new-dresses the fair
garden

Amid this desert-world, with budding blifs,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flow'ry
beauties,

Without one dangerous tree : There hea-
venly dews,

Nightly descending, shall impearl the grafs
And verdant herbage ; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires : The spicy
vapours

Rise with the dawn, and, through the air
diffus'd,

Salute your waking senses with perfume :
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint ; and with your inno-
cence

Immortalize the structure of your clay.

On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day,
With flames unsully'd, (as the fabled torch
Of hymen,) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon,
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise,
Full orb'd, (if heaven and nature will in-
dulge

So fair an emblem,) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd
choir,

Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join
your worship,

Join your sweet vespers, and the morning
song.

O sacred symphony ! Hark, through the
grove
I hear the sound divine ! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy ; unknown delight !
And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n
below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men : again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their
joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go, taste their banquet, learn their nobler
pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted
thoughts
And intellectual blifs. 'Twas Raphael
taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of Heaven : (so Milton sings, enlighten'd
bard !
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To albiou's sons high favour'd :) thou shalt
learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue :
And with soft grace and interwoven loves,
(Grateful digression,) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve, his sole auditress ; and keep dispute

228 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio
comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his
mate.
Behold the dear associates, seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle
strew'd;
But high their conference! how self-suf-
fic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories; arm'd with thunders; and
his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendors unsufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his sovereign Majesty, to pay
Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sov'reign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth.
Sprung from the sons of Adam, he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
'Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains:

- “ She sang the infant God; (mysterious
theme !)
- “ How vile his birth place, and his cradle
vile !
- “ The ox and ass his mean companions ;
there
- “ In habit vile the shepherds flock around,
“ Saluting the great mother, and adore
“ Israel’s anointed King, the appointed
Heir
- “ Of the creation. How debas’d he lies
“ Beneath his regal state; for thee, my
Mitio,
- “ Debas’d in servile form ; but angels stood
“ Ministering round their charge with folded
wings,
- “ Obsequious, though unseen ; while light-
some hours
- “ Fulfill’d the day, and the grey evening
rose.
- “ Then the fair guardians hov’ring o’er his
head,
- “ Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits
far,
- “ And with their fanning pinions purge
the air
- “ From busy phantoms, from infectious
damps,
- “ And impure taint ; while their ambrosial
plumes
- “ A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
- “ Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers
sang,
- “ Melodious, soothing the surrounding
shades,

" And kept the darkness chaste and holy.
Then

" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing
eyes

" Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.

" Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn

" Smiles in the east with eye-lids opening
fair,

" But not so fair as thine; Oh! I could
fold thee,

" My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,

" For ever in these arms! for ever dwell

" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,

" And every pulse should beat seraphic love!

" Around my seat shall crowding cherubs
come

" With swift ambition, zealous to attend

" Their Prince, and form a heav'n below
the sky.

" Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought

" Of female fondness, and forgive the man

" That interrupts such melting harmony!"

Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers

To pay just worship to the sacred King,

Jesus, the God: nor with devotion pure

Mix the caresses of her softer sex;

(Vain blandishment!) "Come, turn thine
eyes aside

" From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful
steep

" Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls

" Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.

" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet

" Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill

" Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his
cross?

- “ Nail’d to the cruel wood, he groans, he
dies,
“ For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and
mine
“ (Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,
“ And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
“ Adoring angels pry with bending head,
“ Searching the deep contrivance, and ad-
mire
“ This infinite design. Here peace is made
“ ’ Twixt God, the sovereign, and the rebel
man :
“ Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,
“ In second ruin rages and despairs ;
“ Malice itself despairs. The captive prey,
“ Long held in slavery, hopes a sweet re-
lease,
“ And Adam’s ruin’d offspring shall revive,
“ Thus ransom’d from the greedy jaws of
death.”

The fair disciple heard ; her passions move,
Harmonious, to the great discourse, and
breathe

Refin’d devotion ; while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o’er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men ; seal’d by the sacred
Three

In heav’n ; and seal’d on earth with God’s
own blood !

Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, bless’d co-
heirs,

Celestial ! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And, spite of earth and hell, in season due,

232 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Possess the fair inheritance above.)

With joyous admirations they survey

The gospel-treasures infinite, unseen

By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,

And unconceiv'd by thought : riches divine

And honours which the almighty Father-
God

Pour'd with immense profusion on his son,

High-treasurer of heaven. The son bestows

The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy,

On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love

His name. " Then, my Charissa, all is
thine !"

" And thine, my Mitio, the fair faint re-
plies.

" Life, death, the world below, and worlds
on high,

" And place, and time, are ours ; and things
to come,

" And past, and present, for our interest
stands

" Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.

" 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment
(while

" We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful
earth

" Bears plenteous, and revolving seasons
still

" Drefs her vast globe in various ornament.

" For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light

" Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky

" Hangs, a rich canopy above our heads,

" Covering our slumbers, all with starry
gold

" Inwrought, when night alternates her
return.

- “ For us time wears his wings out : nature
keeps
“ Her wheels in motion : and her fabric
stands.
“ Glories, beyond our ken of mortal fight,
“ Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
“ Awaits us, where the saints unbody’d live.
“ Spirits releas’d from clay, and purg’d from
sin :
“ Thither our hearts with most incessant
wish,
“ Panting, aspire ; when shall that dearest
hour
“ Shine and release us hence, and bear us
high,
“ Bear us at once unsever’d to our better
home ?”

O blest’d connubial state ! O happy pair !
Envy’d by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins ! your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer-evenings. The vile sons of
earth,
Groveling in dust with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon,
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way ;
Friendship and love shall undistinguish’d
reign
O’er all your passions with unrival’d sway,
Mutual and everlasting : friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light of air

234 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
In which we breathe and live : There's not
one thought

Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall
grow,

Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher
as they flow,

Thus angels mix their flames, and more
divinely grow.

The Third PART;

Or, The Account balanced.

I.

SHOULD sov'reign love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring muse relate

His comforts and his cares ;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors to express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.

Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow

Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures ;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene !
Damon is half divinely blest'd,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care
between :

Then the sweet passions mix and share ;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved
fair.

Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all sincere grows up to
ecstasy,
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes
the joy.

While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or, sporting innocently at thy feet,

Thy kindest thoughts engage :

Those little images of thee,

What pretty toys of youth they be,

And growing props of age !

III.

But short is earthly bliss ! The changing
wind

Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings ;

Relentless death sits close behind :

Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,

With piercing groans, salutes his ears,

Through every vein the thrilling torments
roll ;

While sweet and bitter are at strife

In those dear miseries of life,

Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.

The pleasing sense of love awhile,

236 LYRIC POEMS, Book II.
Mix'd with the heart-ache may the pain
beguile,

And make a feeble fight :
Till sorrows, like a gloomy deluge, rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and solitary, waits the slow re-
turning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition rest ;
May I be moderately blest'd
When I the laws of love obey :
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay :
The tribes, beneath the northern bear,
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

*On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, just
after Mr. Dryden. 1700.*

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead ! Dryden alone could
sing
The full grown glories of a future king :
Now Gloster dies : Thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give ;

And scarce survive the muse : But William
stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands.
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

*Sic, tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo,
Ut mecum possis, &c.*

Inscribed to Mr. Josiah Hort, 1694.
Now Lord Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland.

SO smooth your numbers, friend, your
verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That, with her Martial, Rome would place
Cirine ;
Rome would prefer your sense and thought
to mine.
Yet, modest, you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applaud-
ing age :
So Maro did ; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his
Flaccus' strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric
fire,
And at his will could silence all the lyric
choir,

238 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder
strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments will every friend bestow ;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, }
Wit.

EPISTOLA.

Fratri suo dilecto, R. W. J. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi
litteras, eodem fortasse memento, quo
meæ ad te pervenerunt ; idemque qui te
scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare
munus excitavit calamum ; non inane est
inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim
spiritus nos intus animat, agitque, & con-
cordes in ambobus efficit motus : O utinam
crescat indies, & vigescat, mutua charitas ;
faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat &
desœcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis
puræ amicitæ flammis erga nos invicem di-
vinum in modum ardebimus ; contemple-
mur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud & ado-
randum exemplar charitatis. Ille est

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere
vultus

Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras!) sufferre vices; sponsoris
obivit

Munia, & in sese tabulæ maledicta minacis
Transtulit, & sceleris pœnas hominisque
reatum.

Ecce, jacet desertus humi, diffusus in
herbam,

Integer, innocuas versus sua fidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula
patris

Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige* sagittas,
“Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt pectora
ferrum,

“Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina san-
guis.”

Dixit, & horrendum fremuere tonitrua
celi

Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posuisse
paternum

Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta filet,) jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, & pœnarum thesauros mille coercet;
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina
flammæ

In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere
pressus,

* Job. iv. 6.

240 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat
artus

Purpureo † vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt,
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, & somno languentem suscitât §
ensem.

“ Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue
sacro

“ Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spi-
cula, late

“ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina
Christum,

“ Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera
pœnæ

“ Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola
numen.

“ Et tu, sacra decas legum, violata tabella,

“ Ebibe vindictam; vassa satiabere cæde,

“ Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens

“ Permissus Deitate cruor.” —————

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextra
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutatur, & illa
mordet;

Interea servator * ovât, victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri† perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortius illum
Urget patris honos, & non vicenda voluptas
Servandi miseros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora
cogis,

Durus amor? Quid non cœlestia?

† Luc. xxii. 44. § Zech. xiii. 7.

* Col. ii. 15. † Luc. xxii, 44.

At subsidat phantasia, vaneſcant imagines;
neſcio quo me proripuit amens muſa; volui
quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, &, ecce!
numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque co-
citato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juveni-
lis impetus theologiã læſerit, & audax ni-
mis imaginatio. Heri allata eſt ad me epiſto-
la indicans matrem meliuſcule ſe habere,
licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deſeruit mor-
tale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed tur-
gidi & creſcentes verſus noluere plura, &
coarctarunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale, amice,
frater, & in ſtadio pietatis & artis medicæ
ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum a muſæo meo, Londini xv. Kalend.

Febr. anno ſalutis c1717cxcliii.

Frateris E. W. olim navigaturo.

Sept. 30, 1691.

I, Felix, pede proſpero
I, frater, trabe pinea
Sulces æquora cærule
Pandas carbâſa flatibus
Quæ tuto reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra natantia,
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ,
Prædentur rare naufraga.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum per inhospita

Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum chaos.

Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax

Rumpat roborem latus.

Captent mitia flamina

Antennæ ; & zephyri leves

Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos

Fluctus oceani, regis,

Et sævum Boream domas,

Da fratri faciles vias,

Et fratram reducem suis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

D. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

I.

ET te, Pinhorni, musa trisantica
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
Grate fateri : nunc Athenas,

Nunc latias per amœnitates,

Tuto pererrans te recolit ducem,

Te quondam teneros & ebraia per aspera
gressus

Non dura duxisse manu.

Tuo patefcunt lumine Thespîi

Campi atque ad arcem Pieridon iter :

En, altus assurgens Homerus,
Arma deosque virosque miscens,
Occupat æthereum Parnassi culmen :
Homeri
Immenso stupeo manes ———
Te, Maro, dulce canens sylvas, te bella so-
nantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœna :
Tuxque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magna trias ! clarissima nomina,
semper
Scrinia nostra patent, & pectora nostra pa-
tebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem concefferit otia &
horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipsa
pudendas
Deponat veneres ; venias, sed * purus &
insons
Ut te collaudem, dum fordes & mala lustra
Ablutus, Venusine, canis rideſſe. Recisæ
Hac lege accedant fatyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longe cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcure vates, niſi lumina circū-
fuſa ſorent, Sphingisq; ænigmata,
Bonde, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisq;
cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambabus ſimul hos implectar in
ulnis.

244 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Tuto, poetæ, tuto habitabitis
 Pictos abacos : improba tineæ
 Obiit, nec audet sæva castas
 Attingere blatta comœnas.
 At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
 Farrago inertum, stercoreis impii
 Sentina fætens, Martialis,
 In barathrum relegandus imum
 Aufege, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
 Infulse mollem, naribus, auribus
 Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi
 Spurcos Nafonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extrema gradiens Caledonis ab ora,
 En, Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
 Jessiadæ salveto ; potens seu numinis iras
 Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
 Fulgare noctes, vel citharæ sono
 Sedare fluctus pectoris,
 Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
 Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
 Seu levi mensæ simul assidere,
 Dignabere, seu lecticæ.
 Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem,
 Aureos suadebis inire somnos
 Sacra sopitis superinferens obliviam curis ;
 Stet juxta Casimirus *, huic nec parcius
 ignem
 Natura indulgit, nec musa armavit alumnum
 Sarbivium *, rudiore lyra.
 Quanta Polonium levat aura cygnum !
 Humana linquens † (en sibi devii
 Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus

* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta insignis
 Polonis.

† Od. V. Lib. 2.

Spatiat in aere pennis,
Seu tu forte virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatosve thronos & patrium Polum
Visurus confurgis ovans,
Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum a longe stupeo volatum,
O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sar bivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervere
Sentio, stellatus levis induor
Alas, & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera vertice
Longe despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera
pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia secli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu ! male) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras ! cano,
Et miseras nugas diademata !
Ventosa fortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ a pectora fæces,
Gestit, & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo — — —

— at vos heroes & arma

Et procul este, dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas ! aut vestris, Dionyse, Thyrsis ?
Et clava, & anguis, & leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fœditii patris,
Abstinate a carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus omnipotens ! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cælestes barbiton ausu

Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite
numen &

Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege
sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit
vigor; divino jubare perstringitur oculorum
acies. En, labascit pennis tremit artubus,
ruit deorsum par inane ætheris, jacet victa,
obstupescit, filer.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini;
fragmen hoc rude licet & impoliturum æqui
boni consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ
in partem reponas.

Votum, seu Vita in Teris beata.

Ad virum dignissimum

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bt.

1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio flemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges

Quem mea musa beat,

Ille mihi felix ter & amplius,

Et similes superis annos agit,

Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.

Hunc longe a curis mortalibus,

Inter agros, sylvasque silentes,

Se musisque suis tranquilla in pace fruentem

Sol orems videt & recumbens,

II.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus infani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriatur licet æthera clamor.
Nec Gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, vestræ fulgor arenulæ,
Ducent ab obscura quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare rursi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere satum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo,
Non Tyria vitiata concha.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura
telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ,
Longe a triumphis, & sonitu tubæ
Longe remotos transigerem dies:
Abitate, fascēs, splendida vanitas!)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Dillet a fumo, fugiatque longe
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
Turba mercantum; gratius alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto a linguis ———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,

Valete, cives, & amœna frandis

Verba ; proh mores ! & inane sacri

Nomen amici !

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis

Felle sacratum vitias amorem,

Ab sis æternum, diva libidinis

Et pharetrate puer !

Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola ;

Nil mihi cum scedis, puer, ignibus ;

Ætherea fervent face pectora,

Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,

Et juvenis Jossæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra

Jossæa) lætis auribus insonet,

Nec Watfianis, e medullis,

Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.

Sacri libelli deliciæ meæ,

Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,

Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,

Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO Mrs. SINGER,

(Now Mrs. ROWE)

*On the Sight of some of her divine Poems,
never printed.*

July 19, 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp ; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings ;
There, beneath the evening sky,
I sang my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes
high
To everlasting things.
Sudden, from Albion's western coast,
Harmonious notes come gliding by ;
The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver
sound ;
" 'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighb'ring
shepherds cry ;
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bade my tuneful pow'rs unite ;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue ;
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight !

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bade adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal
strings :

Now these immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heav'n, and propagate
the joy.

Let all my powers, with awe profound,
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the
DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON King WILLIAM III.

Of glorious Memory,

Who died March the 8th, 1701.

I.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies :
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

II.

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust ;
'To thy cold arms the British isle,
Weeping commits her richest dust.

N

252 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.
III.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand ;
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

V.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the grave religion set
In solemn gold ; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

VII.

Fair liberty, in fables dress'd,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn ;
William, " The scourge of tyrants past,
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

VIII.

Sweet peace his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

IX.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name,
In silver accents, round the globe.

X.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forky tongue.

XI.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

XII.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day!

On the sudden Death of
Mrs. MARY PEACOCK.

*An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condo-
lance to Mr. N. P. Merchant at Am-
sterdam.*

I.

HARK! she bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

II.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

III.

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

IV.

O'er all the names of Christ, our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our hearts shall sound, from every string,
The wonders of his bleeding love.

V.

Come, sovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home ;
That golden hour, how long it stays !

VI.

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight ?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

VII.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

VIII.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb !
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

Epitaphium viri venerabilis

Dom. N. MATHER,

Carminē Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admonum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum
est :

Si quæris, hospes, quantus & qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen a familia duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devota,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hic quoque in sancti ministerii spem
eductus

Non fallacem :

Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & docentem.

Corpore fuit procero, forma placide verenda ;
At supra corpus & formam sublime emi-
nuerunt

Indoles ingenium atque eruditio :
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)

Supra pietatem modestia ;
 Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
 Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
 Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
 Præstantiora edidit,
 Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
 Ut solus conspiceretur Deus :
 Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;
 Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet !
 Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale mar-
 mor
 Invito obruit silentio.
 Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
 Quam abunde hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
 Puram ab humana fæce.
 Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
 Et ingens propugnaculum.
 Concionatur gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;
 Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
 Nec deerat ;
 Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
 Rerum dicendarum majestas, & Deus præsens.
 Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
 Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
 Et hinc victoriæ
 Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
 Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
 Altum & salutare vulnus :
 Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
 Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
 Ex defæcato cordis fonte
 Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
 Etiam in familiari contubernio :
 Spirabit ipse undique cælestes suavitates,
 Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,
 Et semper supra focios ;
 Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem

Quaquaversus & late diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ !
Invicto animo, victrice patientia,
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio & in meta vitæ :
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoria fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Propere & exultim attigit.
Natus est, in agro Lancastrienti, 20^o Martii
1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia
functus,
Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus
ducem,
Cætui fidelium apud Londinensis præposi-
tus est,
Quos doctrina, precibus, & vita, beavit ;
Ah brevi !
Corpore salutis 26^o Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mærorem, theologis exemplar re-
liquit,
Probis piisque omnibus
Indandum sui desiderium :
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulce dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

To the Rev. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter

Mrs. ANN WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to guild the most gloomy providence: and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of Heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and, these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finish-

To the Memory of the Dead. 259
ed elegy ; and besides, when I was fallen
upon the dark side of death, I had no mind
to tarry there. If the lines I have written
be so happy as to entertain you a little, and
divert your grief, the time spent in compos-
ing them shall not be reckoned among my
lost hours, and the review will be more
pleasing to,

S I R,

Your affectionate humble servant,
Dec. 22, 1707.

I. W.

*An Elegiac thought on Mrs. Anne Warner,
who died of the Small-Pox, Dec. 18,
1707, at One of the Clock in the Morn-
ing ; a few Days after the Birth and
Death of her first Child.*

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world
of souls,
And seek Venera fled ; with upward aim
Direct thy wing ; for she was born from
heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that pa-
trole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star ; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day,
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania.
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst
thou miss

260 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

So fair a spirit,) say, beneath what shade
 Of amarant, or cheerful ever-green,
 She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds,
 Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
 And travels through this howling wilnerdes:
 By what divine protections she escap'd
 Those deadly snares, when youth and Satan
 leagu'd
 In combination to assail her virtue;
 (Snares set to murder souls!) but Heav'n
 secur'd
 The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found, her
 babe,
 Among the infant nation of the blest'd,
 And clasp it to her soul, to satiate there
 The young maternal passion, and absolve
 The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy
 child!
 That saw the light and turn'd its eyes aside
 From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
 And led the parent's way to glory! there
 Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors, (a pious race!)
 Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
 And sing her welcome. She, along their
 seats
 Gliding, salutes them all with honours due
 Such as are paid in heav'n: at last she finds
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
 But vacant: "This (with sure presage she
 cries)
 "Awaits my father; when will he arrive?"

To the Memory of the Dead. 261

- “ How long, alas, how long !” (then calls
her mate :)
“ Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
“ Die, and partake my blifs ; we are for ever
one.”

Ah me ! where roves my fancy ! what kind
dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking
mind !
Perhaps illusions all ! inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own : so lately
freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratu-
lations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears, and pangs, fierce pangs, that
wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous
flesh
Pass the great seal of heaven ? What happy
hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and
trace
The intellectual world ? divine delight !
Venera's lov'd employ !) Perhaps she sings,
To some new golden harp, th' almighty
deeds,
The names, the honours, of her Saviour-
God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his
crown :

262 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them !—

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devo-
tion

O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the
sight

Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face ?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems : but vain am-
bition,

And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd, flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the dress of hell. Tell me,
Urania,

How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing
sight !

I look and mourn, and gaze with greedy
view

Of melancholy fondness : tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late lov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains,
and spoil'd

So sweet a structure ! the impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill
divine,

And ruins the rich temple to the dust !

Was this the countenance, where the world
admir'd

To the Memory of the Dead. 263

Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd; and beauty on these
cheeks,

As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light! so sits the sun
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, 'till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress'd with darkness.————

*On the Death of an aged and honoured Re-
lative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.*

I.

I Know the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis
she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free,
Oh! how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering be-
tween.

II.

Long did the earthly house restrain,
In toilsome slavery, that ethereal guest;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches within her
chain;

264 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.
Till, by the weight of num'rous days oppress'd,

The earthly house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell ;
The captive soul became her own again :
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
That pris'ner smil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to
her rest.

III.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew ;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe,
That hang around thy memory, and becloud
it so.

Come fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white ;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright,
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.

Provide no glooms to form a shade ;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal
aid.

But, if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy shine,
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a
graceful shrine.

IV.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet ;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree ;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty
seat.

Paint the new graces of her eyes ;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,

And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet ;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter muse, with glancing eye,
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh*
That death had long disjoin'd :
" In the fair tablet they shall stand
" United by a happier band :"
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the
manly mind,
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful
round !)
Since he was seen on earth no more :
He fought in lower seas, and drown'd ;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern
tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,

* My grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 656, and, by the blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

266 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay
them at his feet.

VI.

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!

'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd
her part.

Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon
my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM

On the Death of Thomas Gunston, Esq.

Presented to the Right Hon. Lady ABNEY,
Lady-Mayorefs of London.

July, 1701.

Madam,

HAD I been a common mourner at the
funeral of the dear gentleman deceased,
I should have laboured after more of art, in
the following composition, to supply the
defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but
the uncommon condescension of his friend-
ship to me, the inward esteem I pay his me-
mory, and the vast and tender sense I have
of the loss, make all the methods of art need-

less, while natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved, indeed, to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse : but the importunity was not to be resisted ; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington ; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find, throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building, which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turn of mourning to my thoughts ; for I pursue no other topic of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other : it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation ; there my song wanders among the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure ; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse ; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit : I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing, that belonged to so valuable

268 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.
a person, still gave some fresh and doleful
reflections : and I transcribe nature without
rule, and represent friendship in a mourning
dress, abandoned to the deepest sorrow, and
with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam,
on your dearest brother, and intended it for
public view, I should have followed the
usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to
spend some pages in the character and praises
of the deceased, and thence have taken oc-
casion to call mankind to complain aloud of
the universal and unspeakable loss : but I
wrote merely for myself, as a friend of the
dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing
out my own complaints ; I knew his cha-
racter and virtues so well, that there was no
need to mention them while I talked only
with myself ; for the image of them was ever
present with me, which kept the pain at the
heart intense and lively, and my tears flow-
ing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some
divine thoughts and sacred meditations,
mingled with a subject so solemn as this is :
had I formed a design of offering it to your
hands, I had composed a more christian
poem ; but it was grief, purely natural, for
a death so surprising that drew all the strokes
of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly
of a moral strain. Such as it is your lady-
ship requires a copy of it ; but let it not
touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew
your own mournings. Receive it, Madam,
as an offering of love and tears at the tomb
of a departed friend, and let it abide with
you as a witness of that affectionate respect

To the Memory of the Dead. 269
and honour that I bore him : all which, as
your ladyship's most rightful due, both by
merit and by succession, is now humbly of-
fered, by, Madam,
Your ladyship's most hearty
And obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear Memory of my honoured Friend,
THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

*Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just
finished his Seat at Newington.*

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering
joys
Sing, heavenly muse. Try thine ethereal
voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song.
Gunston, the just, the generous, and the
young,
Gunston the friend is dead ! O empty name
Of earthly blifs ! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought ! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings ! And hopes, that
touch the skies,
Drag but a longer ruin through the down-
ward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in
despair.

270 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

How did our souls stand flatter'd, and
 prepar'd
 To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd !
 There the dear man should see his hopes
 complete,
 Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
 That peace and plenty bring, while numer-
 ous years
 Circling delightful, play'd around the
 spheres :
 Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
 And draw the uncommon thread to an un-
 usual length !
 But hasty fate thrusts her dead sheers be-
 tween,
 Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the
 scene.
 Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
 And spreads false images in fair disguise,
 T' allure our souls, 'till just within our arms
 The vision dies, and all the painted charms
 Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
 Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with
 the night.

Muse, sketch thy wings, and thy sad jour-
 ney bend
 To the fair fabric that thy dying friend
 Built nameless : 'twill suggest a thousand
 things,
 Mournful and soft, as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations
 strong,
 Marking the bounds, and rear the walls
 along
 Solid and lasting ! there a numerous train

Of happy Guntons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun!

Not time itself should waste the blest'd
estate,

Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder

dies,
Childless; his sisters weep and close his
eyes,

And wait upon his hearse with never-
ceasing cries!

Lofty and slow, it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on every plume;

A thousand groans his dear remains convey

To his cold lodging on a bed of clay,

His country's sacred tears well watering
all the way.

See the dull wheels roll on the sable load;

But no dear son to tread the mournful road;

And, fondly kind, drop his young sorrows
there,

The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

Oh! had he left us one behind to play

Wanton about the painted hall, and say,

"This was my father's!" with impatient
joy

In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,

And call him my young friend: but awful
fate

Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas
great.

And must this building, then, this costly
frame,

Stand here for strangers? must some un-
known name

Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?

272 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless
end ?

Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay ?

Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away ?

Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering
light

Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight

And mingled shades, wrought in by soft
degrees,

Give a sweet soil to all the charming piece ;

But night, eternal night, hangs black around

The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,

And solid shades unmingled round his bed

Stand hideous : earthy fogs embrace his
head,

And noisome vapours glide along his face,

Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,

Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome
clay,

Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,

“ How has he chang'd it for a lonesome
cave,

“ Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave !”

Th' unhappy house looks desolate, and
mourns,

And ev'ry door groans, doleful, as it turns ;

The pillars languish, and each lofty wall,

Stately in grief, laments the master's fall

In drops of briny dew ; the fabric bears

His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.

Solid and square, it rises from below ;

A noble air, without a gaudy show,

Reigns through the model, and adorns the
whole,

Manly and plain. Such was the builder's
soul.

To the Memory of the Dead. 273

Oh! how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave,
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous
roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off:
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight and the early dawn.
There, sweetly sad, should my soft minutes
roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial
grief
Grows by those objects that should yield
relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling
skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion
rove,
And there, to soothe my sorrows, I indulge
my love.
Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a
sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania, there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory
shone

274 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.
Gilding the roof, then dropp'd into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet re-
mains of day.

Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining
head

From obscure shades of life, and sunk a-
mong the dead.

The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again: but endless
night

Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gun-
ston lies:

He's set for ever, and must never rise;
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the
day

Breaks through the windows, with a joyful
ray,

And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding the evening and the morning
hours;

In vain it bounds 'em: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the
place,

Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's
face.

Yet nature's wheels will on without con-
troll,

The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will
roll,

And the two nightly bears walk round
and watch the pole.

See, while I speak, high on her sable wheel,
Old Night, advancing, climbs the eastern
hill:

To the Memory of the Dead. 275

Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ;
 behold,
How their brown pinions, edg'd with even-
 ing gold,
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide
 away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day :
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
'Thus days before they did, and days to come
 they will ;
But the black cloud, that shadows o'er his
 eyes,
Hangs there unmovable, and never flies ;
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be
 gone ;
Ah ! fruitless wish ! how are his curtains
 drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn !

Muse, view the turret : just beneath the
 skies,

Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to friendship ! O divine retreat !
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy !
When, weary of the noisy town, my friend,
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit,
Free and secure of all intruding feet :
Our thoughts should stretch their longest
 wings, and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies :
Our tongues should aim at everlasting
 themes

276 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

And speak what mortals dare, of all the
names

Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and
seats

Built high in heaven for souls : we'd trace
the streets

Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy
mountains yield :

Then would we swear to keep the sacred
road,

And walk right upwards to that blest abode ;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to
meet,

There, hand in hand, approach th' al-
mighty seat,

And bend our heads, adoring, at our
maker's feet.

Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous
wings

In high discourse, and dwell on heav'nly
things,

While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession
move,

And minutes measur'd as they are above,
By ever circling joys, and ever-shining
love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their
lofty flight,

Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading
plain,

The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.

How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms

To the Memory of the Dead. 277

Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound,
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory; straight, the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
Sink to the dust and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred
bound

To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking
fool,

For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal
woe!

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore, }
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before, }
And never dare to use a grain of all the store. }

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my
friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage & command
The wealth that Heav'n bestow'd with
lib'ral hand:

278 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

Hence this fair structure rose ; and hence
 this feat
 Made to invite my not-unwilling feet :
 In vain was made ! for we shall never meet,
 And smile, and love, and bless each other
 here,
 The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
 Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing
 eyes,
 And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gun-
 ston lies !

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that
 know
 The heights of fondness, and the depths
 of woe,
 Young mothers, who your darling babes
 have found
 Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound ;
 Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
 Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and
 dead,
 Come ; in the pomp of your wild despair,
 With flowing eye-lids and disorder'd hair,
 Death in your looks, come, mingle grief
 with me,
 And drown your little streams in my un-
 bounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
 Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
 Beyond all nature's ties ; you, that have
 known
 Two happy souls made intimately one,
 And felt a parting stroke ; 'tis you must tell
 The smart, the twinges, and the racks, I
 feel ;

To the Memory of the Dead. 279

This soul of mine that dreadful wound
has borne.

Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to }
mourn.

Oh! infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my
groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'er-
grown,

Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be
seen

In wintry robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs war-
bling by,

Move silent on, and weep his useless chan-
nel dry.

Hither methinks the lowing herd should
come,

And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms }
entwine

Their amorous folds, and mix his bleed-
ing soul with mine. }

280 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book II.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn *,
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears :
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient
years,

Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds ; thus it becomes your age
To shew your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our head reclin'd upon the rising green ;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendship reign'd with an unbounded
sway :

Hither our souls their constant off'rings
brought,

The burthens of the breast and labours of
the thought ;

Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care ; nor was it known
Which of the pains or pleasures were our own:

Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the
whole,

And all the passions there through both
our bosoms roll.

By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease, by turns, the sympathy
of pain.

Friendship ! mysterious thing, what magic
pow'rs

Support thy sway, and charm these minds of
ours !

* There was a long row of tall elms then
standing, where, some years after, the lower
garden was made.

To the Memory of the Dead. 281

Bound to thy foot we boast our birth-right
still,
And dream of freedom when we've lost our
will
And chang'd away our souls : at thy com-
mand
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand
To call them ours ; and, thoughtless of our
ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to
please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own ;
As though our mother Nature could no
more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares and lengthens
out the store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death
dissolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought ! the raving
muse,
Wild and despairing, knows not what she
does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours,
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy vot'ress too ; and at thy shrine,
O sacred friendship, offer'd songs divine,
Whilst Gunston liv'd, and both our souls
were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,

282 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind !
And sweet the aids of sense ! each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting through
the trees ;

The linnet and the lark their vespers sung
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung ;
The slow declining sun with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western
hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd
gates,
Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets,
Lament ! for ye our midnight hours have
known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts
inspire
With joys almost immortal ; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal
hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
'Threw both our arms round one another's
souls,
In rapture, and embraces.—Oh ! forbear,
Forbear, my song ! This is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat ; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever ! —————

Oh ! for a general grief ! let all things
share
Our woes, that knew our loves : the neigh-
bouring air,
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,

To the Memory of the Dead. 283
And tell the gales, that every breath, that
flies
Over these fields, should murmur and com-
plain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate
the pain.
Weep, all ye buildings, and, ye groves
around,
For ever weep : this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming
voice :
Woe to my drooping soul ! that heav'nly
breath,
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd
in death ;
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell !

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak
again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, & then
Gunston aloud I call : in vain I cry
Gunston aloud, for he must ne'er reply !
In vain I mourn and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor
ears :
Wand'ring, I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the
winds our loves :
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears
them not :
He hath forgot me : in the lonesome vault,

284 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he
lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay ! —————

But whither am I led ? this artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate, and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring
ground :

The pleasing hours, the happy moments,
past

In these sweet fields, reviving on my taste,
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous
haste

Spread thy strong pinions once again, my
song,

And reach the turret thou hast left so long :
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse ; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high ;
The winds salute it, whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows : rattling
showers

Lash the fair sides ; above, loud thunder
roars ;

But still the master sleeps ; nor hears the
voice

Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise :
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse
it thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden
sphere

Seems to demand : See, thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon ;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,

To the Memory of the Dead. 285

Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams
of night :

But not one ray can reach the darksome
grave,

Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it
flames,

Like some new meteor, with diffusive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes
the stars ;

“ So shines thy Gunston’s soul above the
spheres,”

Raphael replies, and wipes away my fears.

“ We saw the flesh sink down with closing
eyes,

“ We heard thy grief shriek out, ‘ he dies,
he dies !’

“ Mistaken grief ! to call the flesh the friend !

“ On our fair wings did the bright youth
ascend,

“ All heav’n embrac’d him with immortal
love,

“ And sang his welcome to the courts above.

“ Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,

“ The buildings struck him with immense
surprise ;

“ The spires all radiant, and the mansions
bright,

“ The roofs high vaulted with ethereal light :

“ Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks
sat

“ In heavenly diamond ; and for every gate

“ On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,

“ Guards off the foe, and as it moves it
burns ;

- " Millions of glories reign through every
 part ;
 " Infinite power, and uncreated art,
 " Stand here display'd, and to the stranger
 shew
 " How it out-shines the noblest seats below.
 " The stranger fed his gazing powers a-
 while,
 " Transported : Then, with a regardless
 smile,
 " Glanc'd his eye downward through the
 crystal floor,
 " And took eternal leave of what he built
 before ! "

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain ;
 Raphael commands : assume thy joys again.
 In everlasting numbers sing, and say,

- " Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the
 realms of day ;
 " Gunston, the friend, lives still : and
 give thy groans away."

An ELEGY on Mr. T. GOUGE,

To Mr. A. Shallet, Merchant.

Worthy Sir,

THE subject of the following elegy was
 high in your esteem, and enjoyed a
 large share of your affections. Scarce doth

To the Memory of the Dead. 287
his memory need the assistance of the muse
to make it perpetual; but, when she can at
once pay her honours to the venerable dead,
and by this address acknowledge the favours
she has received from the living, it is a double
pleasure to,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

To the Memory of the
Rev. Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died January 8th, 1700.

I.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint*
Could teach Euphrates not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.
Oh! could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies

* Psalm cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

288 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody
and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came, commission'd for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great
Gouge to dust.

III.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the
sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the
wound!
Oh! painful stroke! distressing death!
A wound, unmeasurably wide!
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The muse, that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And, in deep sounding numbers, tell,
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herself, with all her store,
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

IV.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was some ethereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,

To the Memory of the Dead. 289

And order'd to be born,
His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the
same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things ;
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flaming
wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up through the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast !
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost !
Scarce could the muse pursue him with her
sight :
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you met his wond'rous flight,
And knew the stranger well ;
Say, how he pass'd the radiant spheres,
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the
golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the
fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears,

290 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

To learn the unutterable name,
 To view th' eternal base that bears
 The new creation's frame.
 The countenance of God he saw,
 Full of mercy, full of awe,
 The glories of his power, and glories of his
 grace :
 There he beheld the wond'rous springs
 Of those celestial sacred things,
 The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law,
 In that majestic face.
 That face did all his gazing powers employ
 With most profound abasement and exalted
 joy.

The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
 He stood adoring by ;
 The volumes open'd to his eye,
 And sweet intelligence he held
 With all his shining kindred of the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs, that surround the throne,
 Tell how his name was through the palace
 known,
 How warm his zeal was, and how like your
 own !
 Speak it aloud, let all the nation hear,
 And bold blasphemers shrink and fear * :
 Impudent tongues, to blast a prophet's
 name !
 The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
 Where the old blasphemers dwell,
 To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest
 fame !

* Though he was so great and good a man,
 he did not escape censure.

To the Memory of the Dead. 291
Impudent tongues! you should be darted
through,

Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie,
Useless and dead, till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

VIII.

- "We saw him" say th' ethereal throng,
"We saw his warm devotions rise,
"We heard the fervor of his cries,
"And mix'd his praises with our song :
"We knew the secret flights of his retiring
hours,
"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers ;
"Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
"And with unconquer'd force scal'd the
celestial towers,
"To reach the blessing down for those that
sought his blood.
"Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
"Rais'd high to crush the factious foe ;
"As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand,
"Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
"While his ascending pray'r upheld the
falling blow."

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wond'rous man to
light.

Place him, surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good :
Softly it ran its silver way,

Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong;
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
 Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
 Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent
 flood,
 And bore our raptur'd sense away, and
 thoughts and souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity and care !

X.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight
 While we belong to clay ;
 Passions of terror and delight
 Demand alternate sway.
 Behold the man, whose awful voice,
 Could well proclaim the fiery law,
 Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
 And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.
 He stands the herald of the threat'ning skies,
 Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns di-
 vinely rise,
 All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and
 lightning in his eyes.
 Round the high roof the curses flew,
 Distinguishing each guilty head ;
 Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled :
 His kindled arrows still pursue,
 His arrows strike the atheist through,
 And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering
 horror spread.
 The marble heart groans with an inward
 wound :
 Blaspheming souls, of harden'd steel,

Shriek out, amaz'd, at the new pangs they
feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound.
'The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious
head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with
the dead.

XI.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,
Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wond'rous art
To calm the surging conscience and assuage
the pain ;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again ;
The opening skies almost obey
His powerful song ; a heavenly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheer-
ful day.
His wond'rous voice rolls back the
spheres,
Recals the scenes of ancient years,
'To make the Saviour known ;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of
his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,

294 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

And sets the fatal tree before our eye :

See here celestial sorrow reigns ;

Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins!

In wond'rous words he sang the vital flood

Where all our sins were drown'd,

Words fit to heal and fit to wound,

Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.

In his discourse divine

Afresh the purple fountain flow'd ;

Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,

And trickled to the ground,

While every accent gave a doleful sound,

Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' ex-
piring God !

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead,

With trembling joy our souls are led,

The captives of his tongue ;

There the dear Prince of light reclines his
head

Darkness and shades among.

With pleasing horror we survey

The caverns of the tomb,

Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,

And shed a sweet perfume.

Hark, the old earthquake roars again

In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain

Of heavy death, and rends the tombs ;

The rising God ! he comes, he comes !

With throngs of waking saints, a long tri-
umphing train !

XIV.

See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they
fly,

Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend
him high.

A shining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud ;

Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brags that binds him
to the wheels.

The opening gates of bliss receive their
King,

The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,

The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs
sing.

Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head ;

Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining
globes,

And sways the living worlds, and regions
of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to this realm below,
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could shew,
And thousands own'd the seal.

His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command :
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,

296 *LYRIC POEMS*, Book III.

And terrors of Jehovah's hand !
 How did our souls start out to hear
 The embassies of love he bare,
 While every ear in rapture hung
 Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
 Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
 Attention stood with all her powers,
 With fixed eyes and awe profound,
 Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
 Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But, oh ! my everlasting grief !
 Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
 Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
 Nor hope th' impossible relief !
 Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,
 Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
 And mix your groans with mine :
 Where is the tongue that can describe
 Infinite things with equal art
 Or language so divine ?
 Our passions want the heavenly flame,
 Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
 And awful threat'nings languish in our
 tongues ;
 Howe is a great but single name :
 Amidst the crowd he stands alone ;
 Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
 Dress'd for the flight, and ready to be gone !
 Eternal God, command his stay,
 Stretch the dear months of his delay ;
 Oh ! we could wish his rage were one im-
 mortal day !
 But when the flaming chariot's come,

To the Memory of the Dead. 297
And shining guards t' attend thy prophet
home,

Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us
to the skies !

25 AP 65

THE END.

TABLE *of the* POEMS

Contained in the
FIRST BOOK.

<i>Worshipping with Fear,</i>	-	-	1
<i>Asking Leave to sing,</i>	-	-	3
<i>Divine Judgements,</i>	-	-	4
<i>Earth and Heaven,</i>	-	-	7
<i>Felicity Above,</i>	-	-	8
<i>God's Dominion and Decrees,</i>	-	-	9
<i>Self-Consecration,</i>	-	-	11
<i>The Creator and Creatures,</i>	-	-	12
<i>The Nativity of Christ,</i>	-	-	13
<i>God glorious, and Sinners saved,</i>	-	-	15
<i>The humble Enquiry, a French Sonnet,</i>	}		
<i>imitated,</i>			16
<i>The Penitent pardoned,</i>	-	-	17
<i>A Hymn of Praise for three great Salvations,</i>			19
<i>The Incomprehensible,</i>	-	-	22
<i>Death and Eternity,</i>	-	-	23
<i>A Sight of Heaven in Sickness,</i>	-	-	25
<i>The Universal Hallelujah, psalm cxlviii.</i>			26
<i>The Atheists Mistake,</i>	-	-	28
<i>The Law given at Sinai,</i>	-	-	30
<i>Remember thy Creator,</i>	-	-	35
<i>Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the Lord</i>			37

A T A B L E.

	Page
<i>The welcome Messenger,</i>	38
<i>Sincere Praise,</i>	40
<i>True Learning,</i>	42
<i>True Wisdom,</i>	44
<i>Song to creating Wisdom,</i>	47
<i>God's absolute Dominion,</i>	50
<i>Condescending Grace,</i>	52
<i>The Infinite,</i>	53
<i>Confession and Pardon,</i>	54
<i>Young Men and Maidens, &c. praise ye the Lord,</i>	55
<i>Flying Fowl, &c. praise ye the Lord,</i>	58
<i>The Comparison and Complaint,</i>	59
<i>God supreme and self-sufficient,</i>	61
<i>Jesus the only Saviour,</i>	62
<i>Looking upward,</i>	64
<i>Christ dying, rising, and reigning,</i>	65
<i>The God of Thunder,</i>	66
<i>The Day of Judgement, in English Sapphic</i>	67
<i>The Song of Angels above,</i>	69
<i>Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praise ye the Lord,</i>	72
<i>The Farewell</i>	74
<i>God only known to himself,</i>	75
<i>Pardon and Sanctification,</i>	76
<i>Sovereignty and Grace,</i>	77
<i>The Law and Gospel,</i>	78
<i>Seeking a divine Calm, &c. Casimir.</i>	
<i>B. IV. Od 28.</i>	79
<i>Happy Frailty,</i>	80
<i>Launching into Eternity,</i>	82
<i>A Prospect of the Resurrection,</i>	83
<i>Ad Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum : Oda,</i>	85
<i>Sui ipsius Increpatio : Epigramma,</i>	88
<i>Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus,</i>	89

A T A B L E.

	Page
<i>Breathing towards Heaven, Casimir.</i>	
B. I. Od. 19. - - - -	90
<i>In Sanctum Ardalionem, &c. Casim.</i>	
Epigr. 100. - - - -	91
<i>On the Protestant Church, at Montpelier,</i>	
<i>demolished, two Latin Epigrams</i>	
<i>englished, - - - -</i>	93
<i>Two happy Rivals, Devotion & the Muse,</i>	94

On Divine Love.

<i>The Hazard of loving the Creatures,</i>	98
<i>Desiring to love Christ, - - -</i>	99
<i>The Heart given away, - - -</i>	100
<i>Meditation in a Grove, - - -</i>	101
<i>The Fairest and the only Beloved, - -</i>	103
<i>Mutual Love stronger than Death, -</i>	105
<i>A Sight of Christ, - - -</i>	106
<i>Love on a Cross and on a Throne, -</i>	109
<i>A preparatory Thought for the Lord's</i>	
<i>Supper, - - - -</i>	110
<i>Converse with Christ, - - -</i>	111
<i>Grace shining, and Nature fainting, -</i>	113
<i>Love to Christ, present or absent, -</i>	116
<i>The Absence of Christ, - - -</i>	117
<i>Desiring his Descent to Earth, - -</i>	118
<i>Ascending to him in Heaven, - -</i>	119
<i>The Presence of God worth dying for ;</i>	
<i>or, The Death of Moses, - -</i>	120
<i>Longing for his Return, - - -</i>	122
<i>Hope in Darkness, - - -</i>	123
<i>Come, Lord Jesus, - - -</i>	125
<i>Bewailing my own Inconstancy, - -</i>	127
<i>Forsaken, yet hoping, - - -</i>	128
<i>The Conclusion, - - -</i>	130

A T A B L E.

Page

In the Second Book.

<i>To her Majesty,</i>	- - - - -	131
<i>Palinodia,</i>	- - - - -	135
<i>To John Locke, Esq; retired from Business</i>		136
<i>To John Shute, Esq; on Mr Locke's Death,</i>		137
<i>To Mr. Wm. Nokes : Friendship,</i>	-	138
<i>To Nathaniel Gould, Esq;</i>	-	139
<i>To Dr. Tho. Gibson : The Life of Souls,</i>		140
<i>To Milo : False Greatness,</i>	-	142
<i>To Sarissa, : An Epistle,</i>	-	143
<i>To Mr. Tho. Bradbury : Paradise,</i>	-	146
<i>Strict Religion very rare,</i>	-	150
<i>To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood,</i>	-	152
<i>To Mr. W. Blackbourn : Casim. B. II. Od. 2.</i>		154
<i>True Monarchy,</i>	- - - - -	155
<i>True Courage,</i>	- - - - -	158
<i>To the Rev. Mr. T. Rowe : Free Philosophy</i>		160
<i>To the Rev. Mr. Benoni Rowe : The</i>		
<i>Way of the Multitude,</i>	- -	161
<i>To the Rev. Mr. John Howe,</i>	-	163
<i>The Disappointment and Relief,</i>	-	164
<i>The Hero's School of Mortality,</i>	-	166
<i>Freedom,</i>	- - - - -	168
<i>On Mr. Locke's Annotations, &c.</i>	-	170
<i>True Riches,</i>	- - - - -	172
<i>The Adventurous Muse,</i>	- - - - -	174
<i>To Mr. N. Clark : The Complaint,</i>	-	177
<i>The Afflictions of a Friend,</i>	-	179
<i>The Reverse : or, The Comforts of a Friend,</i>		180
<i>To the Right Honourable John, Lord</i>		
<i>Cutts : The hardy Soldier,</i>	-	181
<i>Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, &c.</i>		182
<i>To Mrs. B. Bendish : Against Tears,</i>		184
<i>Few happy Matches,</i>	- - - - -	185
<i>To David Polhill, Esq; an Epistle,</i>		187

A T A B L E.

	Page
<i>The celebrated Victory of the Poles, &c.</i>	
<i>Casimir. B. IV. Ode 4.</i>	189
<i>To Mr H. Bendish: The Indian Philosopher,</i>	198
<i>The Happy Man,</i>	201
<i>To David Polhill, Esq; an Answer to</i> <i>an infamous Satire against King William,</i>	204
<i>To the Discontented and Unquiet, Casim.</i>	
<i>B. IV. Ode 15.</i>	210
<i>To John Hartopp, Esq; Casim. B. IV. Ode 4.</i>	213
<i>To Tho. Gunston, Esq; Happy Solitude,</i>	
<i>Casim. B. IV. Ode 12.</i>	215
<i>To John Hartopp, Esq; The Disdain,</i>	218
<i>To Mitio, my Friend: The Mourning-Piece</i>	220
<i>The second Part; or, The bright Vision,</i>	224
<i>The third Part; or, The Account ballanced</i>	234
<i>On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester,</i>	
<i>&c. An Epigram,</i>	236
<i>An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus, in-</i> <i>scribed to Mr. Josiah Hort,</i>	237
<i>Epistola Fratri suo dilecto, R. W.</i>	238
<i>Fratri olim navigaturo,</i>	241
<i>Ad Reverendum Virum Dominum Johan-</i> <i>nem Pinborne: Carmen Pindaricum,</i>	342
<i>Ad Johannem Hartoppum, Baronettum:</i> <i>Votum, seu Vita in Terris beata,</i>	246
<i>To Mrs. Singer; on the Sight of some of</i> <i>her Divine Poems unprinted,</i>	249

In the Third Book.

<i>An Epitaph on King William,</i>	251
<i>An Elegiac Song on Mrs. Peacock,</i>	253
<i>Epitaphium Domini Nathanielis Marberi,</i>	255
<i>An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. Ann Warner</i>	258
<i>On the Death of Mrs. M. W.</i>	263
<i>A Funeral Poem on Thomas Gunston, Esq.</i>	266
<i>An Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Gouge,</i>	286

